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HYMNS AND POEMS

FOR THE

**Sick and Suffering**



# HYMNS AND POEMS

FOR THE

## Sick and Suffering

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VICAR OF ST. GILES, READING



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To the  
**Sick and Suffering**

this Volume is dedicated  
in the affectionate desire  
that the helpless days and wearisome nights  
appointed to them  
may be soothed and brightened by the  
**Songs of Faith**







FOR THE

## Sick and Suffering

“THE heart knoweth his own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy.” These touching words apply both to the greater and also to the lesser and more frequent trials of life. We never fully understand how heavily even daily and common griefs press upon the hearts of others, nor how keenly troubles may be felt by them which we should think easy to bear. Nor are we always ready to admit, what is yet most true, that of each of these sorrows, a far greater portion is hidden from our view, than that which lies open before us. And if this be so in ordinary measures of pain or sorrow, much more must it be, in those instances of acute suffering, or deep affliction, which sometimes occur. The isolation of spirit, expressed in this remarkable passage, is certain then to make itself felt, even amidst all the tender sympathy of those who best love the sufferer, and the unlooked-for kindnesses which so often spring up around him in the hour of his distress. No

other can read the secrets of his inner life, nor measure his capacities for sorrow. It may be that the outward aspect of his trial gives but the faintest indication of its real power; but even when it is plainly seen to be one of the most grievous which can afflict man, the bitterness of his anguish can be tasted by no other; we are divided from him by the necessary condition of our separate existence, and though we too bear about with us the incommunicable joys and sorrows which belong to our own individual being, we do not and cannot know how deeply the iron is entering into his soul. When we are grieved at his griefs, and do most truly feel for and with him, there is still very much in which we cannot share; the heaviness that clouds many long hours of every day, the burthen of the night-watches, the protracted aching of the heart; much that is too deeply felt to be told, and can be fully known only to God.

None should be more ready to confess that their acquaintance with the peculiarities of others' sufferings is limited and imperfect, than those who address the sick and afflicted. It were grievous, did we seem to them intrusive, insensible to the sacredness of affliction, or yet unprepared to offer that true sympathy which, with all its imperfections, is most soothing, which they may well claim, and which we have known too much of suffering ourselves to withhold.

If we would trace the history of suffering, we must first look back to its origin.

We know that as our unfallen nature was created in the beginning, every faculty and affection was so ordered as to minister only to happiness, and that the wonderful connexion between soul and body contributed to the perfectness of both. It was not until Adam sinned by putting self in the place of God, the will of the creature above the will of the Creator, that death came into the world. Had there been no transgression, there would have been no pain; which is not known among the sinless, and has no place in heaven.

Hence it is that all forms of suffering are evidences of man's fall; those which wear down the physical strength, and make the course of life a protracted dying; such also as are occasioned by the loss of those we love; the griefs which spring from crushed affections; and still more evidently the pain which follows actual wrong-doing, and the fearful throes of impenitent remorse.

In these thoughts there is, alas! no comfort; for if by nature we are prone to evil, and by character are actually sinful, and if therefore suffering be what we both inherit and also deserve, what is there to hinder every new sin from bringing fresh suffering, and then increased suffering from lashing us into the madness of more aggravated transgression? This indeed were frightful to contemplate; for who could endure to be abandoned here to pain, to be searched through and through by anguish, without seeing either a limit to its duration, or a purpose for it to accomplish? Yet if we consider only man's

deservings, how should he look for better things, who at the first revolted from God, and has ever since been ready to widen the breach between himself and his Maker?

The compassion of God Himself could alone deliver us from so fearful a condition. And the name which we all bear suggests the means of this deliverance. We are called Christians because we belong to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He, the eternal Son of God, graciously took the burthen of humanity upon Him to redeem us through His life, death, and resurrection, from sin, and from its necessary consequence, suffering. By His one oblation of Himself once offered, He made a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world.<sup>1</sup> For His merit only, are we, through faith, counted righteous before God.<sup>2</sup> The power both of sin and of suffering is thus broken for us. Of sin, since if we are living members of Him to whom we were joined in our baptism, we are ever receiving through Him, from the Father, the gift of the Holy Ghost, to enlighten and sanctify us, and mould us into conformity with His blessed image; so that we may continually in this strength put sin away, as that which can no longer claim dominion over us.—Of suffering too; for our Lord in our place, and as our representative, suffered for us, that He might deliver us from the bitter pains of eternal death; and that, to them that are truly His, there should remain no condemnation.

<sup>1</sup> Communion Service.

<sup>2</sup> XIth Article.

And by the same great and mysterious atonement, He has changed the character of those temporal sufferings about which we are now inquiring. When He stood forth, in our nature, as the new head of our race, and triumphed where Adam fell, He healed the sick, and raised the dead, as being the Conqueror for us of those powers to which man had been brought into subjection; and if we are "found in Him," we are made partakers of His victories. Those afflictions which were as fierce beasts going about to destroy, have been tamed by the gracious hand of Christ, and are made to minister to the wants of His people. Those which were as deadly poisons, aggravating the diseases of our souls, are changed into healing medicines, in the gift of the great Physician.

While we are in a world where sin and temptation are yet found, suffering cannot be taken away. But if we are able to recognize in it the loving correction of a Father, we may even "rejoice in tribulation." For with all its bitterness it is indeed a dispensation of healing, and it is ever meant to accomplish, through the blessing of God's good Spirit, some merciful purpose for all who will receive it meekly as from Him. Generally, something will be found in the nature of the affliction, which addresses itself to some peculiarity in the character or circumstances of him to whom it is sent,—and if this fitness be perceived by the sufferer, he may see also the hand from which it comes, and the purposes for which it is appointed.

Perhaps the world is all fair and bright round some young and joyous spirit ; the present full of pleasures which have not yet lost their freshness ; the future glowing with still happier anticipations. A thousand engagements fill the time ; nor, amidst the pressure of all these daily pursuits, is God quite forgotten. His public worship is not altogether slighted, private prayer is not wholly neglected. His service takes its turn with that of the world and of self. But the heart has not yet learned that God is the Supreme Object, His will the standard to which all must be referred : there is no depth, perhaps no reality in its religion.

Affliction comes, and the tumult of the world is exchanged for the stillness of a sick or saddened chamber. God has called aside out of the crowd this one of His servants to speak with alone. Solemn truths, before unknown, or forgotten, or put aside to a more convenient season, are now brought before the stricken heart. Perhaps for the first time it learns that "life is earnest ;" that *time* itself is a gift, which we must not abuse by a thoughtless abandonment to the impulses of the undisciplined mind ; that religion does not consist in a certain amount of work done, one day in seven given to God, to ransom all the others for ourselves ; in a certain portion of religious reading got through, chiefly that we may have leave from our consciences to read, and think, and feel, in the main, after the imaginations of our own hearts ; in a certain amount of almsgiving, to set free all the rest of our worldly

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goods for selfish purposes; in a word, in the reluctant giving up of a part of this world, that we may, in the rest, be worldly without risk.

In this time of trial the utter vanity of every such system of compromise may first be clearly perceived, and the great distinctive principle of Christianity, as proclaimed by our Lord Himself, be first truly apprehended; that principle which reveals to us the secret of all real spiritual life:—"ABIDE in Me and I in you; as the branch cannot bear fruit, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in Me." And if so, the notion of resting satisfied because we occasionally approach Him, while in truth we are living a separate and independent life,—which is in such manifest opposition to His own most blessed will concerning us,—will be altogether abandoned. For we may not consider our religion as an affair, which, though indeed important, has but its set time, and which, being transacted, may be put aside to give room for others. For our life is our religion,—our life, and nothing less. Insomuch that all our engagements and pursuits, our daily intercourse with others, even when not a word is spoken on strictly religious subjects, all must be chastened, elevated, brightened, pervaded, by the grace of Christ within.

If such truths are wrought into the heart when the hour of sickness or calamity has touched and opened it, if a new meaning is given to life, and if, when eternity in all its vastness appears so close at hand, God also is brought very near; then indeed



there will be reason to bless Him for all this time of severe and heavy trial.

But affliction is perhaps sent to some other, who having had far better opportunities of knowing the truth, is too wayward to follow it. God has long been speaking to him by His providence, by the example and by the ministry of others, by His holy word and sacraments ; and His voice has been disregarded. For here is an open understanding, but a closed heart, and a rebellious and disobedient will. With all the great truths of which mention has just been made, he is quite familiar ; his conscience is not asleep ; and he is far from happy ; knowing himself to be in doubtful and dangerous circumstances, but still resolved that he will not, at least for the present, relinquish what he loves so much better than he loves God. Yet because he dares not look down into that abyss, upon the edge of which this disobedience places him, he interposes some slight screen of moral respectabilities and religious observances ; he half persuades himself that the peril is not imminent, and would rejoice if in his inmost heart he could only arrive at some settled belief that his duty to himself or to others justifies the risk.

Expostulation is idle here ; the ear that is closed against the voice of God will not be open to that of man. To such an one it is vain to plead the cause of Him to whom all pure intelligences throughout the range of unnumbered worlds bow and obey.

The clear understanding, so strong in argument, so ready with illustration, so keen in detecting sophistry, is here all darkened and confused. He can but feebly strive to defend his false position with reasonings of which he more than half perceives the hollowness. He can but speak of what society—(which means *his* fragment of society)—and its usages demand: for these usages form his gospel,—what is written there he will believe and obey. He dares not stand alone in wrong doing, but finds great sense of security in a crowd.—And yet when did their multitude ever protect offenders from the wrath of God? It did not amongst the angels which sinned; it did not when the Lord overthrew the cities of the plain.—He is, however, glad (for his convictions are all on the side of religion) that his associates, in breaking down the distinctions between right and wrong, and confounding the evil with the good, do so only in pursuit of pleasure, and not in deliberate and proclaimed hostility to God. He has heard, indeed, the solemn command, “Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil,” but it is inconvenient to him to believe, and therefore he *will not* believe that this can refer to the brilliant throng by which he is surrounded.

The gracious God, who willeth not the death of a sinner, has visited him ere now with the discipline of affliction. Heavily it has fallen upon him once and again. Under the pressure of his calamity, and when other objects were excluded, he turned to God. And ever, with restored health or recovered

spirits, he went back again to his idol worship : and so he has lost the blessing of these visitations, and grieved the Holy Spirit, who would have wrought in the midst of them. Once more, now—and perhaps for the last time—God has come to him with the merciful severity of suffering ; and our best hope for him is—alas that we should say so!—that whether it be the wasting power of some lingering and sore disease, or the ruin of his best earthly good—it may not pass away, until he be turned to Him whom he *might* have served in joy and gladness. For otherwise what remains for him, if it be not that fearful sentence—only less fearful than the final judgment doom—“Ephraim is joined to idols : let him alone?”

In the first of the two instances just given, God's service had been neglected from ignorance, from pre-occupation of the time and thoughts, and unbroken prosperity.

In the second, there was no such ignorance, nor had the sunshine of life been always unclouded. The strong love of the world, the hunger and thirst after pleasure, as the chief good (next to which the love of God had leave to stand, if it could), these, stimulated by success in society, and the consciousness of being supported by the multitude, had led away the heart from God ; though the desire of doing right, when the cost was not too great, had never wholly been relinquished.

Take, however, a third case, differing in many respects from these. It is that in which affliction lights upon one who has lived hitherto a life of selfish ungodliness, pursuing unchecked a course of manifest evil doing. It may be, and too often it is so, that affliction drives such a man still further from God. But on the other hand it may be the beginning of a most blessed change.

Imagine him to have passed on hitherto through life in bold and undoubting confidence, giving himself up to every solicitation of evil which promised him present enjoyment; and if thoughts of death and eternity ever crossed his mind, putting them easily from him.

Suddenly, at the stroke of this calamity, at the first sight perhaps of approaching death, all his confidence forsakes him. He cannot shake off the fearful thoughts and clinging apprehensions which now for the first time have taken hold of him. All that sustained him hitherto is gone, he knows not how. From the height of that confident security where he soared, he feels himself falling suddenly, as with a smitten wing, down into utter and irretrievable ruin.

What has his life been? In his baptism he was made "a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." His whole life has been one continued practical denial of this relationship, one practical assertion, begun how soon, continued, alas! how long, that he is his own, and that he need render no service to any: ignorant

that no one can be truly his own but as he belongs to Christ, "whose service is perfect freedom." Indeed he has hitherto been a slavery of the worst kind,—“serving divers lusts and pleasures,” yet not perceiving his chains, but dwelling willingly “in the tents of these so miserable felicities.” He has lived far from God, and has met the efforts of those who would have brought him back, perhaps with fierce anger, perhaps with careless contempt. As this affliction now comes upon him, there is much more to awaken in us fear than hope: not from any doubt of the infinite mercies of God, but lest these mercies should again be despised; lest the purpose of this visitation should not be recognized. So much has already been done for him by God, which he has never acknowledged, so many calls to repentance have been slighted; his heart has grown so hard, his alienation from God so confirmed.

How widely different would it have been with him, had he from the beginning cast himself upon the covenanted fatherhood of God, taken his assigned place in Christ's kingdom, and claimed the continued guidance and indwelling presence of the Holy Spirit, as a right purchased for him by the precious blood of Christ, out of which, were he but faithful, he could be kept neither by earth nor hell,—neither by men nor devils!

Yet if he will even now turn to his Father with a penitent heart, he will be met with a gracious welcome. The history of the Prodigal in the Gospel is given him for both guidance and encouragement.

*His* first act was to break away altogether from his father, as soon as it became possible to do so; withdrawing himself into a far country, and forsaking at once his duties and his blessings. There, unrestrained, he led his separate and independent life. He chose his own ways, following the dictates of "the flesh and of the mind." It was not until adversity fell heavily upon him, and he found himself left to the husks which the swine did eat, that "he came to himself."

It may be that God, following this wanderer unseen, has hedged up his way, and kept him from the gross and flagrant sins of the Prodigal. But the alienation is the same; alienation from that One to whom the deepest love and the most faithful service were due.

If now he be repentant and anxious to return, perhaps he feels at the same time crushed to the earth by the dreadful apprehension that he may not be accepted. Perhaps he is inquiring into his *right* to approach God as a child, seeking with troubled heart to get into some state of feeling, some frame of mind, or to do some previous act, which may give him, as it were, a claim upon God. But it was not so with the Prodigal. He knew that he had a father to go to; that thought was as light in his darkness, and in his helpless misery he arose and went to him as a father. And so must this bewildered sufferer do. He is no more worthy to be called His son, whose family he has thus forsaken. Yet let him not be hindered by that secret pride

which pretends to be humility, or by half-heartedness, or by any other cause, from seeking with all his soul the fulfilment of those blessed promises which he had forgotten or despised—which he had never sought to realize, since the day when they were visibly sealed to him in baptism. The humblest station, the lowest room, so that it be only appointed by his Father, is all he seeks ; for if he is indeed a penitent, he will choose rather to be henceforth a door-keeper in the house of his God, than to dwell in the tents of the ungodly. But coming thus, his Father will meet him and welcome him with better blessings than he dared to look for, and there will be joy in heaven over this repentant sinner.

Such instances may serve, not indeed to give any idea of the vast range over which it pleases God to send affliction as His messenger, but to suggest to those who have not before considered the subject, how these calamities, which fall so frequent around us, may each have some special work to do. To many, alas ! such visitations come in vain. Some persons are quite lost in the mere sense of pain or grief. The severity of physical suffering, the restlessness of its fever, the consciousness of danger which it brings, the hurry of spirit which accompanies it, the ill-concealed anxiety of friends, all combine to perplex and distract the mind. There may be a blind reaching forth after help, but there is no real power to grasp or retain it ; and thus a

fearful lesson is often given us of the peril of delaying until sickness comes that for which sickness may only render us less capable. But even when the pressure of the trial is less severe, such seasons are, to them, times of infinite disquiet and distress, and nothing more. The best blessings lie neglected at their door. They assent indeed to any amount of religious truth which may be brought before them, but without the least attempt to make it their own. Religion is to them, under such circumstances, a not unpleasant lullaby ; but they seek no good from it, and find none.

Others, less absorbed by their troubles, yet fail to perceive their need of them. It may be that for months, or even years, they are bearing the burthen of some sickness, some grievous loss, or some deep disappointment, and yet they have not found out the secret of all this affliction. They have not thought of it as meant to bring them nearer to God, but are tempted to complain of the severity of what seems to them purposeless suffering.

Alas ! there are some, who, going still beyond this, do not fear to speak of God's visitation as cruel and unjust, and even as it were a personal unkindness.

Nor, on the other hand, are there wanting those who receive affliction with a strange sort of satisfaction, almost as if it had in it,—what of course none of our sufferings ever can have,—some power of atonement : and who feel that it is well to have, as they will sometimes say, all their punishment in this



life, and thus to pay the penalty of their sins now, rather than face the tremendous future.

Against these various and opposite errors the comprehensive injunction seems directed—"My son, *despise not* thou the chastening of the Lord, neither *faint* when thou art rebuked of Him." And they are met by the assurances of God's word, that affliction is His discipline ; that "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth : " that it is sent "for our profit, that we may be partakers of His holiness : " and that it comes from the very same good and gracious Lord who has already Himself made satisfaction for our sins. It is not therefore to be slighted,—it is not objectless,—far less can it be cruel and unjust,—neither is it possible that it should have any atoning efficacy.

Meantime there is much that must ever be mysterious to us in the distribution of suffering. We perceive that a large portion of it follows upon evil doing as its consequence ; as when disease is the result of excess, or poverty pursues the spendthrift. But much remains for which we cannot thus account. It is clearly not apportioned according to any law that we can assign of retributive punishment. We cannot determine, from a comparison of the characters of any two men, the amount of trouble which will be sent to each. It is enough for us to know, that when God sends affliction to the faithful, it has relation not so much to the respective demerits, as to the positive necessities and capacities of those

to whom it is appointed : and thus that He ordains for every individual Christian that extent of suffering which is best for him, and no more ; combining in some inscrutable way all that the highest interests of His whole Church requires, with the wisest provision for the needs of each of her members.

But though sorrow and pain "shall work together for good to them that love God," yet we cannot with confidence expect that they will be made blessings to those who, in their more prosperous days, neglect the training and instruction which He has provided for us in our daily duties, in the relations of life, through the dispensations of His Providence, and by the means of grace. The calls to repentance and to holiness, the messages of mercy and love, and all the revelations of the mind and will of God, are not sent to us in the time of affliction only. They are with us continually, although it is often in affliction that the ear is readiest to catch their tones, when the world's turmoil is hushed around the sick-bed. The heavenly voice is often first heard in some hour of darkness and perplexity, but we must listen for it again and again, amidst all the circumstances of ordinary life, if we would have it make us wise unto salvation. "He wakeneth *morning by morning*, he wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned." It would well accord with our unwatchful and slothful tendencies to take shelter, in the day of prosperity, under another belief, and to say that as trouble, which comes to all, must some time come to us, then, when it does come,

will be just the time for religious progress, and meanwhile "a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep."

Man's work is commonly done by interrupted efforts and sudden puttings forth of visible endeavour. But amidst the works of God all is steady, continual progression; "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." Indeed, the Divine injunction, "*Grow* in grace," and many others in Holy Scripture, bring before us these analogies of nature, as if to lead us to an imitation, in our spiritual life, of the Divine pattern. But it is this which is so difficult: any sacrifice, any labour which, once performed, we could rest from and have done with, we are ready for; but we are not ready for this daily, never-ending task.

But if we may not regard the time of affliction or trial as the only time in which we are to look for Divine instruction, so it is most dangerous to slight or put from us the good which such a season is meant to bring. We may persuade ourselves that there is little to be done then but to learn the one lesson of endurance; and that if we have but passed through our grief or sickness with few complainings, we are as much benefited as we could be by it. Yet this were but a scanty advantage, compared with those which we are encouraged to expect. Let us form a far larger and worthier estimate of what God has prepared for us in this visitation; of what we should long for, and strive after, as its result.—For affliction is meant to discipline the whole man; to

bring out the several graces of the Christian character,—“tribulation working patience,” not as a single and separate work, but in such wise that “patience worketh experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit which is given us.” What a harvest of blessings this one passage of Scripture exhibits to us as springing from affliction:—and indeed is *it* not written, that “afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby?” Consider also David’s testimony: “Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept Thy word.” How much is there not implied in this, of subsequent persevering diligence, of daily self-denial and watchfulness, of faithful service, of holy obedience. Surely it is most evident that the training of affliction is meant to produce in us great and lasting results.

Has then affliction fallen upon you?—Say first, “‘It is the Lord. Let Him do what seemeth Him good.’ It is THE LORD. And with Him are infinite wisdom, power, and love; therefore let Him do what seemeth Him good: He best—nay, He alone—knows what to do for and with me.”—We are in danger at such times of looking away from Him, and thinking only of second causes, greatly disquieting ourselves by doing so. We reflect with bitter anguish, that but for some untoward circumstance, some precaution neglected, some one little thing done or left undone, all might now be well with us. Vain

thoughts,—which yet perseveringly return to haunt us : surely most vain : for it is the good and merciful Lord who has appointed the trial, and He might as easily have brought it about in any one of a thousand other ways.

It is the Lord :—and remember how in the night-storm on the sea, when the disciples' hearts failed them for fear of that dim mysterious form which drew near, half hidden by the darkness, the voice of their Master spoke instant peace : “It is I, be not afraid.” If you indeed know who it is that cometh to you upon the waves of these afflictions, amidst the darkness of this trial, you will not be dismayed.

You are not forbidden the natural outpouring of sorrow : for “Jesus wept.” What an unspeakable blessing in the day of adversity to know that our Lord, who is very and Eternal God, is also most truly man ; that He is acquainted with grief, having taken it to His bosom for long years that He might *experience* what it was ; and is so touched with a feeling of our infirmities, that there is not a throb of anguish, not a pang of mental or physical pain, which we may not bring to Him for sympathy. He knows all, He has felt all, He can heal all.

The world, after its fashion, will offer consolation, and tell you that others suffer still more, and that things might have been worse ; some greater evil might have befallen you. These are in themselves but comfortless thoughts, and there is nothing helpful in the strange unconscious half-athesim, from

which they often spring ; as if man was the plaything of blind destiny, instead of a being experiencing the love and compassion of the merciful God. But you will find a Christian meaning for what is thus ignorantly said, and will mark with gratitude how the goodness of our blessed Lord has indeed shielded you from the many aggravations which might have accompanied your sorrow, and how He has provided for you many unexpected alleviations instead.

Numberless circumstances, each perhaps small in itself, but full of meaning, will combine to show you, that you are not forsaken in this time of trial. Many of God's promises, too, will now seem as if they had been written especially for your consolation. Some of these will assure you of His presence during affliction :—"When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee ; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee : when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned ; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour."<sup>1</sup>—Others will direct you to the true source of strength : "Cast thy burthen upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."<sup>2</sup> "He giveth power to the faint ; to them that have no might He increaseth strength :"<sup>3</sup> "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."<sup>4</sup>—Some will remind you of the parental character of God : "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that

<sup>1</sup> Is. xliii. 2.<sup>2</sup> Ps. lv. 22.<sup>3</sup> Is. xl. 29.<sup>4</sup> St. Matt. xi. 28.

fear Him. For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust."<sup>1</sup> Others will teach you that it is the very love whereby you were at the first adopted into His family that now moves Him to employ this needful discipline:—"Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."<sup>2</sup>

Your chiefest and most earnest desire will be to gain from this trial, whatever it may be, all the good which it is meant to convey. God forbid that it should pass away without having accomplished its purpose. For such visitations of affliction never leave any man exactly where he was before. Either they advance him on his heavenward way, teach him to live above the world's slavery, and nerve him for his daily conflicts: or else, when slighted, they render his condition far less hopeful; the chains of earth press more heavily, and the heart sinks down into a deeper slumber than ever. It is thus that afflictions are such turning-points in a life's history; to many they are most abundantly blessed; the holiest and the best are, through God's grace, made better by them: to many, alas! they are but occasions of still further alienation from God.

But you will inquire what, under these circumstances of trial, you are to do; what are the means by which you are to seek for the blessings you desire to obtain. For you clearly perceive that the mere presence of this trial cannot possibly benefit or bless you, but that it must be in some way made use of.

<sup>1</sup> Ps. cxiii. 13, 14.

<sup>2</sup> Heb. xii. 5, 6.

First, then, let it be to you an occasion of approaching to God with a quickened diligence and a more confiding love. Cultivate habits of devotion ; so essential to the peace and health of your soul. Pray much and earnestly ; that He would graciously “sanctify this His fatherly correction to you,”—that He would “renew in you whatsoever hath been decayed by the fraud and malice of the devil, or by your own carnal will and frailness,”—that while you live “you may live to Him, and be an instrument of His glory, by serving Him faithfully, and doing good in your generation,”—that He may give you “a right understanding of yourself, and of His threats and promises,”—that He may be Himself “your defence, and make you know and feel that there is none other name under heaven given to man, in whom and through whom you may receive health and salvation, but only the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.”<sup>1</sup>

The languor and weariness of extreme illness will sometimes form a serious hindrance to frequent and collected prayer. Yet this should be earnestly combated with, and may often in a great measure be overcome. Where the exhaustion is very great, and the powers of speech and almost of connected thought really fail, God will graciously accept, for prayer, the looking of the heart towards Him ; for “He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are but dust.”

Go continually to the blessed word of God for

<sup>1</sup> Prayer Book. Visitation of the Sick.



guidance and consolation : let it be "a lantern to your feet, and a light unto your path." Be a frequent and faithful partaker of the Holy Eucharist, to "the strengthening and refreshing of your soul." If you are debarred by sickness or infirmity from frequenting the public services of the Church, yet be often in spirit with those who go up to the house of the Lord, following them with your prayers and sympathy. You are not forgotten there, where remembrance is made before God of the weariness of the bed of pain, and the loneliness of the aching heart. For you supplication is made in those prayers which are offered up for all "who are afflicted and distressed in mind, body, or estate ;" for all "that are in danger, necessity, or tribulation ;" for all "who are in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity."

Meantime you will remember to what end these means are designed to conduct you. You will then most highly appreciate them, when you know them but as means ; when you feel that sacraments, and prayers, and God's word, will fail utterly of their object if they do not produce in you, through the blessed Spirit working in and by them, conformity of heart and life to the holy will of God.

This is the great purpose to be accomplished in each one of us. For this were we born into the world ; for this have we been kept in life hitherto ; for this our Lord Jesus Christ gave Himself for us, that "He might purify to Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works ;" that "denying ungodliness

and worldly lusts, we might live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world ;" that being justified for His merit sake, we might, as becomes His ransomed people, "glorify God in our body, and in our spirit, which are God's."

But you ask how, in the sick chamber to which, it may be, you are confined—how, in the narrow span which, perhaps, is all that is left to you of life, you can thus glorify God.

If yours is a truly teachable spirit, this question will be soon answered. You will soon learn that sickness and sorrow bring with them peculiar duties and responsibilities. He to whom you belong will give you not only patience to suffer, but strength to do : and as this strength increases, your sphere of action will enlarge itself around you. In protracted sickness how many are the trials through which you have to pass ; how many victories over self you have to win. How much is there for which your sick room is perhaps the very fittest place, with the multiplied occasions which it affords for the full exercise of Faith, and Hope, and Love.

For this is not, in truth, a narrow sphere in which God has placed you. You know how that some even of the lowest forms of heathenism witness to the great truth, that man's heart is ever craving for union with a nature higher than his own : and you know too, that the necessity, the provision for, and the conditions of this union form the main subject of God's revelation to man.

If you, on that bed of suffering, are learning by experience the full blessing of this unspeakable union, you will not complain that your circle of privilege and duty is too limited. You are not left there alone ; some better portion is yours than the cold abstractions of a false philosophy, which, because it has caught some faint and broken echoes of the Christian truth, still speaks of goodness, virtue, and purity, but which never leads man to Him who is the Good, the Holy, and the Pure ; and which cannot offer even the poorest substitute for the presence of that living Friend, union and communion with whom is the deepest reality of the Christian life.

Perhaps those who are suffering from protracted sickness have most need to watch against that cold exclusive temper of mind which would tempt them to put away every thing which does not seem to bear directly on their own separate religious condition. Such a temper would greatly impede your progress, and weaken your spiritual life ; while it would rob you of that true fellowship with the family of Christ, for which the Church, as we have already seen, has made provision in her special remembrances of you and of your sufferings ; and would close your heart against her loving sympathy. Be, on the contrary, drawn out of yourself towards others, participate in their interests, pray for them and seek their good, and set yourself to lessen the weight of sin and suffering around you. Doubtless you can do much to benefit and bless your brethren ;

by your example, by your influence, by direct or indirect teaching, by a right use of money—perhaps by ways which do not discover themselves to you, until you have made some resolute advance in this path of duty. However limited your range may be (the more limited from the circumstances of your broken health), yet you will always find some within your reach to whom you may exhibit this gracious and loving spirit; your own immediate family, the friends who visit your sick chamber, the servants who minister to your wants. Assume no functions, undertake no duties beyond those which belong to “that state of life to which it has pleased God to call you.” But in that state you will find, if you seek, abundant employment. Such engagements will supply the best defence against the many forms of selfishness which beset the hours of sickness; and that some preservative is then needed, they who watch over their hearts under such circumstances can abundantly testify. In these pursuits you will find a source of true and sustained cheerfulness, most unlike that false and transient excitement with which the world seeks to dissipate the thoughts of the sorrowful and suffering.

But, whether doing or enduring, beware of fancying that you have a fund of faith, or hope, or patience, laid up within, to which you can always resort, and independent of Him who supplies by His Spirit daily strength to His people. For in the moment that you look from Him to yourself, you

will find yourself left alone with impatience and distrust, and ready to sink under the burthen of those cares which He would have borne for you.

Life to others is very bright, notwithstanding your distress. Let not the contrast between their condition and your own hinder your being cheered by the happiness around you. If God is with you in your sorrow, pray that He may be with them in their joy. If some have wept with you who weep, endeavour on your part to rejoice with them that do rejoice. It may cost you at first a struggle before you can fully sympathize in their happiness. But the effort will daily become less : let it not be seen of men, and thus become poisoned by that selfish littleness which evermore claims notice of the sacrifices it makes.

Nor should we close our hearts against the marvellous beauty of God's creation which lies around us. The clouds of sorrow must not so come down upon us as utterly to obscure that reflexion of Him which yet is left to us here. The perfection of its first days is indeed gone, and with fallen man it "groaneth and travaileth together" in mysterious sympathy. But it is still most beautiful. We may neither form a fanciful mock-religion for ourselves out of our admiration for "the things that are seen," which cannot of course satisfy the needs of an immortal spirit ; nor yet turn coldly away from God's great works. Ours should be, in this, the safer path of humility and faith ; and we should rejoice in them as what our Master's hands have made.

They are evidences of His power, and witnesses of His love ; and it is good for us to live under their calming and elevating influences.

Many of those who will read these pages have already, I trust, gained the truest and best blessings from the afflictions which have been sent to them. If this be your case, how full even this present time is of encouragement and of blessing. Could you formerly have imagined that under these circumstances of pain and grief—when all around is dark—all within could ever be so full of light? True to His promises, God is now blessing you with that peace which passeth all understanding, and which abides with you undiminished amidst all the vicissitudes of life.

Are you sometimes filled with longings to depart—to leave all this suffering behind, and to pass from the strife of the battle-field to the rest of the victors? Yet remember that you are “immortal till your work is done.” One can imagine what it must be for you, lying now at the very gates of Paradise, to be obliged to take up again the burthen of life, and to look forward to long years here, amongst us whose sky is so often dimmed by temptation, grief, and weariness. But do not be discouraged ; for if you are giving yourself truly to the service of God, your Lord shall lead you, and the wilderness and the solitary place shall be gladdened by His presence. In joy and in grief you shall find Him near ; your strength in temptation, your shield in

danger, your guide in difficulty. You long now to be with Him ; but all along the journey of life He will be with you—your unseen but ever-present Defence.

Wait then His time in whose unchangeable faithfulness is all your trust. Consider the immeasurable depths of His wisdom. You cannot assign the limits of time, place, or circumstance, within which He may design to work His sovereign will in you. After marvelling long at the character and duration of this trial, perhaps a ray of light may touch some object before unnoticed, and reveal all that has been hitherto hidden in such darkness. Can you say that you have yet received the full measure of blessing which this affliction was designed to bring? Perhaps the well-being of others depends, far more than you can know or even imagine, on the prolongation of this trial to you ; since one of the strongest evidences of the reality and power of religion is seen in the constancy of the faithful in the midst of suffering, and in the good which God brings for them out of such seeming evil.

We are encompassed by many living witnesses in the Church, who, having long endured tribulation, can bear testimony to the power of His sustaining love now, from the midst of their trials ; while others, who once gave their testimony to the same truth, have been one by one called away to exchange that condition in which they received from their Lord sympathy in suffering, for that in which they are made partakers of His joy.

Our Lord is carrying on this work from age to age before the eyes of the Church. Doubtless there are some to whom you are thus appointed as a witness :—to but few perhaps—yet if but to one, be thankful that to you it is assigned to strengthen that one in the faith.

If this book should help you to interpret truly the meaning of God's afflictive dispensations, teaching you in any measure their nature, purposes, and effects ; and leading you to look through their outward show of mere pain and loss to their inner significance and real character—if thus you are confirmed in an humble, holy confidence in God, and are quickened to a more diligent following of Him—if you perceive that while every trial is attended by its peculiar duties and responsibilities, it brings with it heavenly blessings also ; and if the practical knowledge of these truths should lead you, by His grace, to a closer and more abiding union with Him, then indeed the object of these pages will have been fully accomplished. May He graciously allow this blessed issue. May your heart be cheered and encouraged by His promises, and may you look beyond these hours of trial to the hope set before you in the Gospel. The Lord is indeed at hand. He is returning to His waiting Church. We know neither the day nor the hour—but He brings with Him everlasting joy for all them that love His appearing. “I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people,



and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes ; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain : for the former things are passed away."

T. V. FOSBERY.

WESTCLIFFE, ISLE OF WIGHT,  
*April 19th, 1844.*

IN preparing the following Hymns and Poems for the use of the Sick and Suffering, it was natural to turn to what the Church had done for her afflicted members, and to try whether the services which she has provided for their benefit could not, at least in part, be made available in connexion with this Volume of Sacred Poetry.

The Offices for the Visitation and Communion of the Sick, in the Prayer Book, are conceived in a spirit of such true sympathy with the suffering, and so combine the deepest devotion with the wisest and most faithful instruction, as to render them in sickness and sorrow inestimably precious. The exhortations and prayers in the former of these services are here placed, in their due order, one before every section into which the volume is divided ; and a sentence, taken from this, forms the heading to each of the several poems contained in the section. These sentences give to the poems remarkable significance and definiteness of application.

The Rubrics, which are unusually full and in-

structive,—the Absolution,—and the Communion Service, all which necessarily imply the presence of the minister, are not thus employed.

Those who may first learn, perhaps in solitude, from these pages, the great blessing provided for them in the Service for the Visitation of the Sick, will be, I trust, amongst the most desirous, as certainly they will be the best prepared, to avail themselves, when they can do so, of the presence and ministrations of such as are “over them in the Lord”—ministering to them in the words or in the spirit of this beautiful Service, as their respective necessities may require.

In compiling this volume, I have but assisted one to whom it owes its chief value, and who “having learned from the Service for the Visitation of the Sick the meaning and value of sickness, earnestly desires to recommend the frequent perusal of that Service to the sick and suffering members of Christ's body.”

There are here two hundred and twenty-six separate pieces. Of this number ninety-three are by writers who lived prior to the eighteenth century: the rest are modern. The poems of George Herbert, by which, says Walton, “he hath comforted and raised many a dejected and discomposed soul,” are peculiarly suitable for the purposes of this work. But as he is the best known of all the older sacred poets, it did not seem desirable to insert very many of his poems. There are accordingly only fourteen in this volume, and to those best acquainted with their value this will seem but a small number.

From the works of Henry Vaughan nineteen poems have been selected. This writer, a few of whose poems have of late years been reprinted in different collections, deserves to be far better known. He was born on the banks of the Usk, in Brecknockshire, in 1621; and because that part of Wales was anciently peopled by the Silures, he was quaintly styled the Silurist. Though then very young, he was engaged in the study of the law in London, at the breaking out of the great rebellion. But he was immediately taken home by his friends, and there in tranquil retirement "he followed the pleasant paths of poetry and philology." He soon exchanged the law for physic, in which he became eminently skilled, and spent the greater part of his useful and happy life near his native place in Brecknockshire, where he died in 1695.

Vaughan ever held the memory of George Herbert in affectionate reverence. He could have known him only by his works, as Herbert died when Vaughan was very young; but in the preface to one of his books, speaking of the success of the former in purifying the stream of song, he calls him "the blessed man, Mr. George Herbert;—whose holy life and verse," he adds, "gained many pious converts, of whom I am the least."

The sacred poetry of the age of Herbert and Vaughan is becoming daily better known, and more truly appreciated. Its occasional conceits and obscurity do not hinder men from acknowledging its fulness, purity, and truth. To some few, however,

this old poetry may seem at first harsh and strange—their taste having been formed in a different school. Such readers will be amply repaid for whatever effort it may cost them to grapple with its first difficulties.

There is much and precious instruction to be gathered amongst these old poems. They have a strength and depth in them which many more graceful verses have not. They enshrine thoughts worthy to be treasured up in the heart, instead of feebly expressing—with much reiteration—what may be called the sentimentality of religion. The love of God was not to these men a passing emotion; it was their principle of life. They and their works should be had in honour amongst us.

The poems of Herbert in this volume are reprinted from the edition of 1641, but the modern spelling of later editions has been followed.

Many of Vaughan's poems were transcribed at first from the copy of the first edition (1650) of his "*Silex Scintillans, or Sacred Poetry and Private Ejaculations*," in the British Museum Library; but the second, which appeared in his lifetime (1655), and is probably the more correct, and which also contains about fifty additional poems, has since been consulted; for which purpose it was kindly lent by its possessor, the Rev. H. F. Lyte. It is a rare and valuable book. The old spelling has here been retained, except where there seemed any risk of its obscuring the sense.

Nothing has been taken from the writings of any living English poet without the author's express

permission, which has always been most readily and kindly granted. Those poems which have not before been published are distinguished by an asterisk prefixed to each. Two of them, however, viz., those at pp. 41 and 123, had already been printed for private circulation.

Where only part of a short poem has been retained, the word "Part" is prefixed to the portion thus selected. But no liberty has been taken with the poetry itself. The words of the several writers (in the case of some living authors with their latest corrections) have been faithfully given in every instance. Not one word in the whole volume has been knowingly and wilfully altered.

In a very few instances it was found necessary to trust, at least for the present, to compilations; but wherever it was possible, the best editions of the author's works have been consulted.

T. V. F.

#### NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

To the two hundred and twenty-six pieces of the former edition, all of which are here retained, seven others have been added, which will be found at pp. 253, 257, 260, 262, 266, 270, 301. The work has been carefully revised, and a few changes, chiefly verbal, have been made in the introductory address.

T. V. F.

SUNNINGDALE,  
May 2, 1850.

## HYMNS AND POEMS

Peace be to this house, and to all that dwell in it.

Remember not, Lord, our iniquities, nor the iniquities of our forefathers: Spare us, good Lord, spare Thy people, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy most precious blood, and be not angry with us for ever.

Answer. Spare us, good Lord.

Peace be to this house, and to all that dwell in it.

PEACE.

*Henry Vaughan.*

MY soul, there is a country  
Afar beyond the stars,  
Where stands a winged sentry  
All skilful in the wars.  
There, above noise and danger,  
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,  
And One born in a manger  
Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious friend,  
And (O my soul, awake !)  
Did in pure love descend,  
To die here for thy sake.  
It thou canst get but thither,  
There grows the flower of peace,  
The rose that cannot wither,  
Thy fortress and thy ease.  
Leave then thy foolish ranges ;  
For none can thee secure,  
But One, who never changes,  
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

Peace be to this house, and to all that dwell in it.

J. S.

THE more by thought thou leav'st the crowd  
behind,  
Draw near by deeper love to all thy kind ;  
So shall thy heart in lowly peace be still,  
And earthly wisdom serve a Heavenly will.

J. S.

NO holier truth has reached us from above  
Than this, Love errs not but by want of  
Love.

Peace be to this house, and to all that dwell in it.

*J. S. Monsell.*

BIRDS have their quiet nest,  
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed ;  
All creatures have their rest,—  
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

Winds have their hour of calm,  
And waves, to slumber on the voiceless deep :  
Eve hath its breath of balm,  
To hush all senses and all sounds to sleep.

The wild deer hath his lair,  
The homeward flocks the shelter of their shed ;  
All have their rest from care,—  
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

And yet He came to give  
The weary and the heavy-laden rest ;  
To bid the sinner live,  
And soothe our griefs to slumber on His breast.

What then am I, my God,  
Permitted thus the paths of peace to tread ?  
Peace, purchased by the blood  
Of Him who had not where to lay His head !

I, who once made Him grieve ;  
I, who once bid His gentle spirit mourn ;  
Whose hand essayed to weave  
For His meek brow the cruel crown of thorn :—



O why should I have peace?  
Why? but for that unchanged, undying love,  
Which would not, could not cease,  
Until it made me heir of joys above.

Yes! but for pardoning grace,  
I feel I never should in glory see  
The brightness of that face,  
That once was pale and agonized for me!

Let the birds seek their nest,  
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;  
Come, Saviour, in my breast  
Deign to repose Thine oft rejected head!

Come! give me rest, and take  
The only rest on earth Thou lovest,—within  
A heart, that for Thy sake  
Lies bleeding, broken, penitent for sin.

*Remember not, Lord, our iniquities.*

#### SIGHS AND GROANS.

*George Herbert.*

O DO not use me  
After my sins! look not on my desert,  
But on Thy glory; then Thou wilt reform,  
And not refuse me. For Thou only art  
The mighty God; but I, a silly worm;  
O do not bruise me!

O do not urge me !  
For what account can Thy ill steward make ?  
I have abused Thy stock, destroyed Thy woods,  
Sucked all Thy magazines. My head did ache  
Till it found out how to consume Thy goods ;  
O do not scourge me !

O do not blind me !  
I have deserved that an Egyptian night  
Should thicken all my powers, because my lust  
Hath still sewed fig-leaves to exclude Thy light.  
But I am frailty, and already dust ;  
O do not grind me !

O do not fill me  
With the turned vial of Thy bitter wrath ;  
For Thou hast other vessels, full of blood,  
A part whereof my Saviour emptied hath,  
Even unto death. Since He died for my good,  
O do not kill me !

But O relieve me !  
For Thou hast life and death at Thy command ;  
Thou art both Judge and Saviour, Feast and Rod,  
Cordial and Corrosive. Put not Thy hand  
Into the bitter box ; but, O my God,  
My God, relieve me !

Remember not, Lord, our iniquities.

LAMENTATION OF A SINNER.

*"Hymns of the Primitive Church."*

•  
O LORD, turn not Thy face away  
From him that lies prostrate,  
Lamenting sore his sinful life,  
Before Thy mercy-gate,—

Which Thou dost open wide to those  
Who do lament their sin :  
O shut it not against me, Lord,  
But let me enter in.

Call me not to a strict account  
How I have lived here ;  
For then I know right well, O Lord,  
How vile I shall appear.

I need not to confess my life ;  
For surely Thou canst tell  
What I have been : and what I am  
Thou knowest very well.

O Lord, I need not to repeat  
What I do beg and crave ;  
For Thou dost know before I ask,  
The thing that I would have.

Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,  
This is the total sum :  
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit ;  
O let Thy mercy come.

**Remember not, Lord, our iniquities,  
Nor the iniquities of our forefathers.**

## REPENTANCE.

*George Herbert.*

**L**ORD, I confess my sin is great ;  
Great is my sin. O gently treat  
With Thy quick flower, Thy momentary bloom !  
Whose life, still pressing,  
Is one undressing,  
A steady aiming at a tomb.

Man's age is two hours' work, or three ;  
Each day doth round about us see.  
Thus are we to delights : but we are all  
To sorrows old,  
If life be told  
From what life feeleth, Adam's fall.

O let thy height of mercy then  
Compassionate short-breathed men.  
Cut me not off for my most foul transgression :  
I do confess  
My foolishness :  
My God, accept of my confession.

Sweeten, at length, this bitter bowl,  
Which Thou hast poured into my soul :  
Thy wormwood turn to health ; winds to fair  
weather ;  
For if Thou stay,  
I and this day,  
As we did rise, we die, together.

When Thou for sin rebukest man,  
Forthwith he waxeth woe and wan :  
Bitterness fills our bowels ; all our hearts  
Pine and decay,  
And drop away,  
And carry with them the other parts.

But Thou wilt sin and grief destroy ;  
That so the broken bones may joy,  
And tune together in a well-set song,  
Full of His praises  
Who dead men raises.—  
Fractures well cured make us more strong.

Let us pray.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Our Father, which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation : But deliver us from evil. Amen.

#### THE SHORTER LITANY.

Minister. O Lord, save Thy servant ;

Answer. Which putteth his trust in Thee.

M. Send him help from Thy holy place ;

A. And evermore mightily defend him.

M. Let the enemy have no advantage of him ;

A. Nor the wicked approach to hurt him.

M. Be unto him, O Lord, a strong tower,

A. From the face of his enemy.

M. O Lord, hear our prayers.

A. And let our cry come unto Thee.

**Let us pray.**

*R. C. Trench.*

**L**ORD, what a change within us one short hour  
Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make,  
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,  
What parchèd grounds refresh, as with a shower !  
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower ;  
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,  
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear ;  
We kneel, how weak, we rise, how full of power.  
Why therefore should we do ourselves this wrong,  
Or others—that we are not always strong,  
That we are ever overborne with care,  
That we should ever weak or heartless be,  
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,  
And joy and strength and courage are with Thee ?

**Let us pray.**

PRAYER.

LUKE xxii. 46.

*E. M.*

**A**RT thou a pilgrim and alone ?  
Far from the home once called thine own ?  
From friendship's faithful bosom wrested,  
In stranger hands thy comforts vested,  
Thy life a cheerless wintry day  
Unlit by sunshine ?—Rise and pray !

Smiled on thee once the bliss of earth,  
And glittering joys of transient worth ?  
Hast thou adored some idol shrine,  
Or bent has many a knee at thine ?  
Faded these creatures of a day,  
What hast thou left ?—Arise and pray !

Or hast thou, driven by deepest woe,  
Thy soul's sure refuge learned to know ?  
And every storm of life would meet  
Beneath the sheltering Mercy-Seat ?  
Whether in youth, or life's decay,  
Thy lot is blest—thou lovest to pray ?

But haply thou, even thou hast found  
Religion's consecrated ground  
With sorrows and with snares beset,  
Which, though the Almighty Sufferer met  
To conquer, we must yet obey  
His welcome mandate—Rise and pray !

O mournful lot to mortals given,  
Might not the wingèd thought to Heaven  
Amidst opposing myriads rise  
To claim its refuge in the skies !  
“Where is thy God ?” whilst mockers say,  
To Him mounts up the soul to pray !

Though, mingled in one bitter draught,  
Thou every earthly woe hast quaffed ;



Around, though enemies prevail,  
And darts from cherished friends assail ;  
These but in image faint pourtray  
His griefs, who bids thee rise and pray !

Ev'n should that direst hour be thine,  
When in the darkening Heavens no sign  
Appears ;—but thou in combat fell  
Must meet the adverse hosts of hell,  
O never cast the hope away,  
While thou canst lift thy heart to pray.

With tears, with bitterest agony  
The Saviour wrestled, Soul ! for thee,  
Ere He could all-triumphant rise  
To plead the accepted sacrifice ;  
So, till the world shall pass away,  
Shall stand His words—“ Arise and pray ! ”

*Let us pray.*

PRAYER.

*Cowper.*

WHAT various hindrances we meet  
In coming to a mercy-seat !  
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,  
But wishes to be often there ?

Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,

Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;  
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright ;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.

While Moses stood with arms spread wide,  
Success was found on Israel's side ;  
But when through weariness they failed,  
That moment Amalek prevailed.<sup>1</sup>

Have you no words ? O think again,  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill your fellow-creature's ear  
With the sad tale of all your care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
To heaven in supplication sent,  
Your cheerful song would oftener be,—  
“ Hear what the Lord hath done for me ! ”

<sup>1</sup> Exod. xvii. 11, 12.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

DIVINE EJACULATION.

*John Quarles.*

GREAT God, whose sceptre rules the earth,  
Distil Thy fear into my heart,  
That being rapt with holy mirth  
I may proclaim how good Thou art ;  
Open my lips, that I may sing  
Full praises to my God, my King.

Great God, Thy garden is defaced,  
The weeds thrive there, Thy flowers decay ;  
O call to mind Thy promise past,  
Restore Thou them, cut these away :  
Till then let not the weeds have power  
To starve or stint the poorest flower.

In all extremes, Lord, Thou art still  
The Mount whereto my hopes do flee ;  
O make my soul detest all ill,  
Because so much abhorred by Thee :  
Lord, let Thy gracious trials show  
That I am just, or make me so.

Shall mountain, desert, beast, and tree,  
Yield to that heavenly voice of Thine ;  
And shall that voice not startle me,  
Nor stir this stone—this heart of mine ?  
No, Lord, till Thou new-bore mine ear,  
Thy voice is lost, I cannot hear.

Fountain of Light and living Breath,  
Whose mercies never fail nor fade ;  
Fill me with Life that hath no death,  
Fill me with Light that hath no shade ;  
Appoint the remnant of my days  
To see Thy power, and sing Thy praise.

Lord God of gods—before whose throne  
Stand storms and fire ! O what shall we  
Return to Heaven, that is our own,  
When all the world belongs to Thee ?  
We have no offering to impart,  
But praises, and a wounded heart.

O Thou that sitt'st in Heaven, and seest  
My deeds without, my thoughts within—  
Be Thou my Prince, be Thou my Priest,  
Command my soul, and cure my sin :  
How bitter my afflictions be  
I care not, so I rise to Thee.

What I possess, or what I crave,  
Brings no content, great God, to me,  
If what I would, or what I have,  
Be not possess, and blest in Thee :

What I enjoy, O make it mine,  
In making me, that have it, Thine.

When winter-fortunes cloud the brows  
Of summer-friends,—when eyes grow strange ;  
When plighted faith forgets its vows ;  
When earth and all things in it change :  
O Lord, Thy mercies fail me never—  
Where once Thou lovest, Thou lovest for  
ever.

Great God, whose kingdom hath no end ;  
Into whose secrets none can dive ;  
Whose mercy none can apprehend ;  
Whose justice none can feel—and live ;  
What my dull heart cannot aspire  
To know, Lord, teach me to admire !

Hallowed be Thy Name.

THE ELIXIR.

*George Herbert.*

TEACH me, my God and King,  
In all things Thee to see ;  
And what I do in any thing,  
To do it as for Thee :

Not rudely, as a beast,  
To run into an action ;  
But still to make Thee prepossess,  
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,  
On it may stay his eye ;  
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,  
And then the Heaven espy.

All may of Thee partake :  
Nothing can be so mean,  
Which, with this tincture,—FOR THY SAKE,  
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant, with this clause,  
Makes drudgery divine :  
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,  
Makes that, and the action, fine.

This is the famous stone  
That turneth all to gold ;  
For that which God doth touch and own,  
Cannot for less be told.

*Thy will be done.*

*C. E.*

MY God, my Father, while I stray  
Far from my home in life's rough way,  
O teach me from my heart to say—  
“ Thy will be done ! ”

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,  
Let me be still and murmur not ;  
And breathe the prayer divinely taught,—  
“ Thy will be done ! ”

What though in lonely grief I sigh,  
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,  
Submissive still would I reply,—  
“Thy will be done !”

If Thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize—it ne’er was mine ;  
I only yield Thee what was Thine :  
“Thy will be done !”

Should pining sickness waste away  
My life in premature decay,  
My Father—still I’ll strive to say,—  
“Thy will be done !”

If but my fainting heart be blest  
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My God, to Thee I leave the rest :—  
“Thy will be done !”

Renew my will from day to day ;  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say—  
“Thy will be done !”

Then, when on earth I breathe no more  
The prayer oft mix’d with tears before,  
I’ll sing, upon a happier shore,—  
“Thy will be done !”

Gibe us this day our daily bread.

THE HOLDFAST.

*George Herbert.*

I THREATENED to observe the strict decree  
Of my dear God, with all my power and might :  
But I was told by one, it could not be ;  
Yet I might trust in God to be my light.

“ Then will I trust,” said I, “ in Him alone.”  
Nay, e’en to trust in Him was also His :  
We must confess that nothing is our own.  
“ Then I confess that He my succour is.”

But to have nought is ours ; not to confess  
That we have nought. I stood amazed at this ;  
Much troubled : till I heard a friend express,  
That all things were more ours by being His.  
What Adam had, and forfeited for all,  
Christ keepeth now, who cannot fail or fall.

Ⓢ Lord, save Thy servant :  
Which putteth his trust in Thee.

PSALM XXXI.

*H. F. Lyte.*

M Y spirit on Thy care,  
Blest Saviour, I recline ;  
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,  
For Thou art love divine.



In Thee I place my trust,  
On Thee I calmly rest ;  
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,  
And count Thy choice the best.

Whate'er events betide,  
Thy will they all perform :  
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,  
Nor fear the coming storm.

Let good or ill befall,  
It must be good for me ;  
Secure of having Thee in all,  
Of having all in Thee.

Ⓢ Lord, save thy servant :  
Which putteth his trust in Thee.

C. E.

HOLY Saviour, friend unseen,  
Since on Thine arm Thou bidst me lean,  
Help me throughout life's varying scene,  
By faith to cling to Thee !

Blest with this fellowship divine,  
Take what Thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine.  
E'en as the branches to the vine,  
My soul would cling to Thee !

Far from her home, fatigued, oppress,  
Here she has found her place of rest ;  
An exile still, yet not unblest  
    While she can cling to Thee !

Without a murmur I dismiss  
My former dreams of earthly bliss ;  
My joy, my consolation this,  
    Each hour to cling to Thee !

What though the world deceitful prove,  
And earthly friends and joys remove ;  
With patient, uncomplaining love  
    Still would I cling to Thee !

Oft when I seem to tread alone  
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,  
Thy voice of love, in tenderest tone,  
    Whispers, " Still cling to ME ! "

Though faith and hope awhile be tried,  
I ask not, need not, aught beside :  
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,  
    The souls that cling to Thee !

They fear not Satan or the grave,  
They feel Thee near, and strong to save,  
Nor fear to cross e'en Jordan's wave,  
    Because they cling to Thee !

Blest is my lot, whate'er befall :  
What can disturb me, what appal,  
Whilst as my Rock, my Strength, my All,  
Saviour, I cling to Thee ?

Send him help from Thy holy place :  
And evermore mightily defend him.

*The Hours.*

O GOD, the Lord of place and time,  
Who orderest all things prudently ;  
Brightening with beams the opening prime,  
And burning in the mid-day sky ;

Quench Thou the fires of hate and strife,—  
The wasting fever of the heart ;  
From perils guard our feeble life,  
And to our souls Thy peace impart.

This grace on Thy redeemed confer,—  
Father, co-equal Son,  
And Holy Ghost, the Comforter ;  
Eternal Three in One.

Let the enemy have no advantage of him :  
Nor the wicked approach to hurt him.

## THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

*Spenser.*

AND is there care in Heaven, and is there love  
In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace,  
That may compassion of their evils move ?

There is,—else much more wretched were the  
cace

Of men than beasts. But, O the exceeding grace  
Of highest God, that loves His creatures so,

And all His workes with mercy doth embrace,  
That blessed angels He sends to and fro  
To serve to wicked man, to serve His wicked foe !

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,

To come to succour us that succour want ;

How oft do they with golden pineons cleave

The flitting Skyes, like flying pursuivant,

Against foule feendes to aid us militant :

They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,

And their bright squadrons round about us plant,

And all for love, and nothing for reward :

O why should heavenly God to man have such  
regard !

Let the enemy have no advantage of him.

J. S.

FOR strength and not for fear, O Man ! is  
given  
The upward sense that lifts thy soul to Heaven.

J. S.

THOU canst not do the thing thou wouldst,  
no doubt :  
Could we do all we would, life's task were out.

Let the enemy have no advantage of him :  
Nor the wicked approach to hurt him.

J. Chandler ; from St. Ambrose.

O JESU, Lord of heavenly grace,  
Thou brightness of Thy Father's face,  
Thou fountain of eternal light,  
Whose beams disperse the shades of night !

Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,  
Shower down Thy radiance from above ;  
And to our inward hearts convey  
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

And we the Father's help will claim,  
And sing the Father's glorious name ;  
His powerful succour we implore,  
That we may stand, to fall no more.

May He our actions deign to bless,  
And loose the bonds of wickedness ;  
From sudden falls our feet defend,  
And bring us to a prosperous end.

May faith, deep rooted in the soul,  
Subdue our flesh, our minds controul :  
May guile depart, and discord cease,  
And all within be joy and peace.

And Christ shall be our daily food,  
Our daily drink His precious blood ;  
And thus the Spirit's calm excess,  
Shall fill our souls with holiness.

O hallowed be the approaching day !  
Let meekness be our morning ray,  
And faithful love our noon-day light,  
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

O Christ, with each returning morn,  
Thine image to our hearts is borne ;  
O may we ever clearly see  
Our Saviour and our God in Thee.

Be unto him, ☉ Lord, a strong tower, from the face of his enemy.

## PSALM LVII.

*Sandys.*

O THOU from whom all mercy springs,  
 Compassionate my sufferings,  
 And pity me  
 That trust in Thee !  
 O shelter with Thy shady wings,  
 Until these stormes of woe  
 Cleare up, or overblow.

Thee I invoke, O Thou most High,  
 Thou All-performer !—from the skie  
 Thy angels send ;  
 Let them defend  
 My soule from him that would destroy :  
 O send Thy mercy downe,—  
 With Truth Thy promise crowne !

☉ Lord, hear our prayers ; And let our cry come unto Thee.

## CHURCH LOCK AND KEY.

*George Herbert.*

I KNOW it is my sin which locks Thine ears,  
 And binds Thy hands,  
 Outcrying my requests, drowning my tears ;—  
 Or else the chillness of my faint demands.

But as cold hands are angry with the fire,  
                    And mend it still ;  
So I do lay the want of my desire,  
Not on my sins or coldness, but Thy will.

Yet hear, O GOD ! only for His blood's sake,  
                    Which pleads for me ;  
For though sins plead too, yet like stones they make  
His blood's sweet current much more loud to be.

⊕ *Lord, hear our prayers ; And let our cry come unto Thee.*

THE SUPPLIANT.

*R. C. Trench.*

ALL night the lonely suppliant prayed,  
All night his earnest crying made,  
Till standing by his side at morn,  
The tempter said in bitter scorn,  
"O peace :—what profit do you gain  
From empty words and babblings vain ?  
'Come, Lord—O come !' you cry alway !  
You pour your heart out night and day ;  
Yet still no murmur of reply,—  
No voice that answers, 'Here am I.'"

Then sank that stricken heart in dust,  
That word had withered all its trust ;  
No strength retained it now to pray,  
While Faith and Hope had fled away :



And ill that mourner now had fared,  
Thus by the tempter's art ensnared,  
But that at length beside his bed  
His sorrowing angel stood, and said,—  
Doth it repent thee of thy love,  
That never now is heard above  
Thy prayer ; that now not any more  
It knocks at Heaven's gate as before ?”  
—“ I am cast out—I find no place,  
No hearing at the throne of grace.  
' Come, Lord—O come !' I cry alway,  
I pour my heart out night and day,  
Yet never until now have won  
The answer—' Here am I, my son.' ”

—“ O dull of heart ! enclosed doth lie,  
In each ' Come, Lord,' an ' Here am I.'  
Thy love, thy longing, are not thine—  
Reflections of a love divine :  
Thy very prayer to thee was given,  
Itself a messenger from Heaven.  
Whom God rejects, they are not so ;  
Strong bands are round them in their woe ;  
Their hearts are bound with bands of brass,  
That sigh or crying cannot pass.  
All treasures did the Lord impart  
To Pharaoh, save a contrite heart :  
All other gifts unto his foes  
He freely gives, nor grudging knows ;  
But Love's sweet smart, and costly pain,  
A treasure for his friends remain.

FIRST COLLECT.

Ⓔ Lord, look down from heaven, behold, visit, and relieve this Thy servant. Look upon him with the eyes of Thy mercy, give him comfort and sure confidence in Thee, defend him from the danger of the enemy, and keep him in perpetual peace and safety ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

SECOND COLLECT.

Hear us, Almighty and most merciful God and Saviour ; extend Thy accustomed goodness to this Thy servant who is grieved with sickness. Sanctify, we beseech Thee, this Thy fatherly correction to him ; that the sense of his weakness may add strength to his faith, and seriousness to his repentance : That, if it shall be Thy good pleasure to restore him to his former health, he may lead the residue of his life in Thy fear, and to Thy glory : or else, give him grace so to take Thy visitation, that, after this painful life ended, he may dwell with Thee in life everlasting ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

☉ Lord, look down from heaven, behold, visit, and relieve  
this Thy servant.

## GRACE.

*George Herbert.*

MY stock lies dead, and no increase  
Doth my dull husbandry improve :  
O let Thy graces without cease  
Drop from above.

If still the sun should hide his face,  
Thy house would but a dungeon prove ;  
Thy works, night's captives : O let grace  
Drop from above.

The dew doth every morning fall ;  
And shall the dew outstrip Thy Dove ?  
The dew, for which grass cannot call,  
Drop from above.

Death is still working like a mole,  
And digs my grave at each remove ;  
Let grace work too, and on my soul  
Drop from above.

Sin is still hammering my heart  
Unto a hardness void of love :  
Let suppl'ing grace, to cross his art,  
Drop from above.

O come, for Thou dost know the way ;  
Or if to me Thou wilt not move,  
Remove me where I need not say—  
Drop from above.

⊕ Lord, look down from heaven, behold, visit, and relieve  
this Thy servant.

## EVENING HYMN.

*Flatman.*

SLEEP, downy sleep ! come close my eyes,  
Tired with beholding vanities :  
Sweet slumbers, come and chase away  
The toils and follies of the day ;  
On your soft bosom will I lie,  
Forget the world, and learn to die.  
O Israel's watchful Shepherd, spread  
Tents of angels round my bed ;  
Let not the spirits of the air  
While I slumber me ensnare ;  
But save Thy suppliant free from harms,  
Clasped in Thine everlasting arms.  
Clouds and thick darkness are Thy throne,  
Thy wonderful pavilion ;  
O dart from thence a shining ray,  
And then my midnight shall be day.  
Thus when the morn, in crimson drest,  
Breaks through the windows of the east,  
My hymns of thankful praise shall rise  
Like incense at the morning sacrifice.

Give him comfort and sure confidence in Thee.

COMFORT.

*Elizabeth B. Barrett.*

**S**PEAK to me, O my Saviour, low and sweet,  
 From out the hallelujahs,—sweet and low,  
 Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so,  
 Who art not miss'd where faithful hearts intreat :  
 Speak to me, as to Mary at Thy feet ;  
 And if no precious gums my hands bestow,  
 My tears fall fast, as amber. Let me go  
 In reach of Thy divinest voice complete  
 With humanest affection, there, in sooth,  
 To lose the sense of losing, as a child,  
 Its song-bird being lost, fled evermore,  
 Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth ;  
 Till sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,  
 He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

.

Give him comfort and sure confidence in Thee.

PSALM XXIII.

*"Psalter in English Verse."*

**M**Y Shepherd is the Lord ; I know  
 No care or craving need :  
 He lays me where the green herbs grow  
 Along the quiet mead :

He leads me where the waters glide,  
The waters soft and still,  
And homeward He will gently guide  
My wandering heart and will.

He brings me on the righteous path,  
E'en for His Name's dear sake.  
What if in vale and shade of Death  
My dreary way I take ?

I fear no ill, for Thou, O God,  
With me for ever art ;  
Thy shepherd's staff, Thy guiding rod,  
'Tis they console my heart.

For me Thy board is richly spread  
In sight of all my foes,  
Fresh oil of Thine embalms my head,  
My cup of grace o'erflows.

O nought but love and mercy wait  
Through all my life on me,  
And I within my Father's gate  
For long bright years shall be.

Defend him from the danger of the enemy, and keep him  
in perpetual peace and safety.

PSALM III.

MORE THAN CONQUERORS.

*Lewis Way.*

O LORD ! when troublous billows roll,  
A strange tempestuous sea,  
My foes exclaim against my soul—  
There is no help for thee !

Though they be many, Thou, O Lord,  
Art still my sure defence ;  
My glory, Thine eternal Word,  
My shield, Omnipotence.

I cry to Thee with inward voice,  
And Thou dost hear my call,  
And cause my spirit to rejoice  
Triumphant o'er them all.

I laid me down in peace, and slept,  
From every terror free,  
In strength renewed, in safety kept ;  
The Lord sustained me.

He heard me from His holy hill,  
Be gone, ye fears, be gone !  
The Lord is round about me still,  
The great, the mighty One !

Arise and save me, O my God !  
Thy blessing give to me ;  
My foes are fled before Thy rod,  
Salvation is of Thee !

Defend him from the danger of the enemy, and keep him  
in perpetual peace and safety.

*"Hymns of the Primitive Church."*

THOU brightness of Thy Father's face,  
Thou Sun of heavenly day,  
Thou Christ, whose gracious beams remove  
The soul's dark shades away ;

The Sun is sunk ; the shadowy night  
Is reigning in his room ;  
Continue, Lord, Thy saving help,  
And keep us through the gloom.

What though our eyes be sunk in sleep,  
To Thee our hearts ascend :  
Do Thou, with Thine Almighty hand,  
Thy loving saints defend.

What though, by earthly woes oppressed,  
The body wearied lies,  
Yet may our spirit freely wing  
Its passage to the skies.



O Thou, who art our only hope,  
Thy help we humbly crave ;  
Defend Thy blood-bought people, Lord,  
Whom Jesus died to save.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Holy Ghost,  
All glory be from saints on earth,  
And from the angel-host.

Sanctify, we beseech Thee, this Thy fatherly correction  
to him.

AFFLICTION.

(PART.)

*George Herbert.*

AFFLICTION then is ours.  
We are the trees whom shaking fastens more,  
While blust'ring winds destroy the wanton bowers,  
And ruffle all their curious knots and store.  
My God, so temper joy and woe,  
That Thy bright beams may tame Thy bow.

Sanctify, we beseech Thee, this Thy fatherly correction  
to him.

A PRAYER.

*Nicholas Breton.*

PLANT, Lorde, in me the tree of godly lyfe,  
Hedge me about with Thy strong fence of  
faith ;  
If Thee it please, use eke Thy pruning-knife,  
Lest that, O Lord ! as a good gardiner saith—  
If suckers draw the sappe from bowes on hie,  
Perhaps in tyme the top of tree may die.  
Let, Lord ! this tree be set within Thy garden-wall  
Of Paradise, where growes no one ill sprig at all.

Sanctify, we beseech Thee, this Thy fatherly correction  
to him.

JOB X. 2.

*E. M.*

O THOU ! whose gently chastening hand  
In mercy deals the blow,  
Make but Thy servant understand  
Wherefore Thou lay'st me low !

I ask Thee not the rod to spare,  
While thus Thy love I see ;  
But O let every suffering bear  
Some message, Lord, from Thee !

Perhaps an erring wish I knew  
To read my future fate,  
And Thou would'st say—"Thy days are few,  
And vain thy best estate!"

Perhaps Thy glory seemed my choice,  
Whilst I secured my own,  
And thus my kind Reprover's voice  
Tells me He works alone!

O silence Thou this murmuring will,  
Nor bid Thy rough wind stay,  
Till with a furnace hotter still  
My dross is purged away!

Sanctify, we beseech Thee, this Thy fatherly correction  
to him.

*Francis Quarles.*

MY soul, thy gold is true, but full of dross;  
Thy Saviour's breath refines thee with  
some loss;  
His gentle furnace makes thee pure as true;  
Thou must be melted ere thou'rt cast anew.

*J. S.*

GOD only smites, that through the wounds of  
woe  
The healing balm He gives may inlier flow!

That the sense of his weakness may add strength to his faith.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

*Wordsworth.*

THE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,  
If Thou the Spirit give by which I pray :  
My unassisted heart is barren clay,  
That of its native self can nothing feed :  
Of good and pious works Thou art the seed,  
That quickens only where Thou sayest it may :  
Unless Thou show to us Thine own true way,  
No man can find it : Father ! Thou must lead.  
Do Thou then breathe those thoughts into my  
mind,  
By which such virtue may in me be bred,  
That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread ;  
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,  
That I may have the power to sing of Thee,  
And sound Thy praises everlastingly.

That the sense of his weakness may add strength to his faith.

*Spenser.*

WHAT man is he that boasts of fleshly might,  
And vaine assurance of mortality,  
Which all so soone as it doth come to fight  
Against spirituall foes, yields by and by,

Or from the field most cowardly doth flee?  
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,  
That thorough grace hath gained victory:  
If any strength we have, it is to ill,  
But all the good is God's, both powre and eke the  
will.

*Bishop Ken..*

SUBMIT yourself to God, and you shall find,  
God fights the battles of a will resigned.

That the sense of his weakness may add strength to his faith,  
and seriousness to his repentance.

*"Hymns of the Primitive Church."*

O GOD of our salvation, Lord  
Of wond'rous power and love!  
May faith, salvation's holy seed,  
Be sent us from above.

'Tis faith that gives us strength to fight,  
That we our foes may quell;  
And with the shield of faith we quench  
The fiery darts of hell.

By faith we make our prayers to Thee,  
In that most holy Name,  
On which, for mercy and for peace,  
Hope rests her stedfast claim.

For that Name's sake, assist us, Lord,  
To run our heavenward race ;  
And O may no unholy life  
Our holy faith disgrace.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Be praise and glory given ;  
Who pour into the hearts of men  
True light and heat from heaven.

That, after this painful life ended, he may dwell with Thee  
in life everlasting.

II. COR. V. 4.

**I**N health, O Lord ! and prosperous days,  
When worldly wealth or worldly praise,  
When worldly thoughts have filled our heart,  
We would not from the body part ;—  
And then the very thought is loathed,  
That we must be by death unclothed.

In sickness, sorrow, or in shame,  
We fain would quit this mortal frame ;—  
But thus to shrink from toil and pain,  
This is not longing for Thy reign ;  
Brought low, we only seek to be  
Unclothed, not clothed upon by Thee.

O rather help us as we ought  
To feel what Thine Apostle taught,—

That not for aye we seek to wear  
This form of clay, corruption's heir,  
Nor yet impatient ask alone  
To be unclothed, but clothed upon !

O blessed Lord ! whose merits dress  
Thy saints in robes of righteousness ;  
Through whom for us eternal stands  
That heavenly house not made with hands,—  
When this frail dwelling sets us free,  
Quench Thou in life mortality !

## THE EXHORTATION.

### FIRST PART.

Dearlŷ beloved, know this, that Almighty God is the Lord of life and death, and of all things to them pertaining, as youth, strength, health, age, weakness, and sickness. Wherefore, whatsoever your sickness is, know you certainly, that it is God's visitation. And for what cause soever this sickness is sent unto you ; whether it be to try your patience for the example of others, and that your faith may be found in the day of the Lord laudable, glorious, and honourable, to the increase of glory and endless felicity ; or else it be sent unto you to correct and amend in you whatsoever doth offend the eyes of your heavenly Father ; know you certainly, that if you truly repent you of your sins, and bear your sickness patiently, trusting in God's mercy, for His dear Son Jesus Christ's sake, and render unto Him humble thanks for His fatherly visitation, submitting yourself wholly unto His will, it shall turn to your profit, and help you forward in the right way that leadeth unto everlasting life.



Dearly beloved, know this, that Almighty God is the Lord  
of life and death.

THE EVENING-WATCH.

A DIALOGUE.

*Henry Vaughan.*

*Body.*

FAREWELL! I goe to sleep; but when  
The day-star springs, I'll wake agen.

*Soul.*

Goe, sleep in peace; and when thou lvest  
Unnumber'd in thy dust, when all this frame  
Is but one dramme, and what thou now descriest  
In sev'rall parts shall want a name,  
Then may His peace be with thee, and each dust  
Writ in His book, who ne'er betray'd man's trust!

*Body.*

Amen! but hark, ere we two stray,  
How many hours, dost think, till day?

*Soul.*

Ah! go; thou'rt weak, and sleepeie. Heav'n  
Is a plain watch, and without figures winds  
All ages up; who drew this Circle, even  
He fills it; Dayes and hours are *Blinds*.  
Yet this take with thee; The last gasp of Time  
Is thy first breath, and man's *eternall Prime*.

Almighty God is the Lord of life and death, and of all things to them pertaining, as youth, strength, health, age, weakness, and sickness.

*"Hickes' Devotions."*

MY God, to Thee ourselves we owe,  
And to Thy bounty all we have ;  
Behold to Thee our praises flow,  
And humbly Thy acceptance crave.

If we are happy in a friend,  
That very friend 'tis Thou bestow'st,  
His power, his will to help our end,  
Is just so much as Thou allow'st.

If we enjoy a free estate,  
Our only title is from Thee ;  
Thou madest our lot to bear that rate,  
Which else an empty blank would be.

If we have health,—that well-tuned ground  
Which gives the music to the rest,—  
It is by Thee our air is sound,  
Our food secured, our physic blest.

If we have hope one day to view  
The glories of Thy blissful face,  
Each drop of that refreshing dew  
Must fall from Heaven and Thy free grace.

Thus then to Thee our praises bow,  
And humbly Thy acceptance crave ;  
Since 'tis to Thee ourselves we owe,  
And to Thy bounty all we have.

Glory to Thee, great God, alone,  
Three Persons in one Deity ;  
As it has been in ages gone,  
May now, and still for ever be.

**Dearly beloved, know this, that Almighty God is the Lord  
of life and death, and of all things to them pertaining.**

*R. C. Trench.*

**T**HOU cam'st not to thy place by accident,  
It is the very place God meant for thee ;  
And shouldst thou there small scope for action see,  
Do not for this give room to discontent ;  
Nor let the time thou owest to God be spent  
In idly dreaming how thou mightest be,  
In what concerns thy spiritual life, more free  
From outward hindrance or impediment :  
For presently this hindrance thou shalt find  
That without which all goodness were a task  
So slight, that Virtue never could grow strong :  
And wouldst thou do one duty to His mind,  
The Imposer's—over-burdened thou shalt ask,  
And own thy need of grace to help, ere long.

Almighty God is the Lord of life and death, and of all things to them pertaining.

*Elizabeth Thomas.*

AH ! strive no more to know what fate  
Is pre-ordained for thee :  
'Tis vain in this thy mortal state,  
For Heaven's inscrutable decree  
Will only be revealed in vast eternity.  
Then, O my soul,  
Remember thy celestial birth,  
And live to Heaven while here on earth.  
Thy God is infinitely true,  
All Justice, yet all Mercy too :  
To Him then, through thy Saviour, pray  
For grace to guide thee on thy way,  
And give thee will to do.  
But humbly, for the rest, my soul,  
Let Hope and Faith the limits be  
Of thy presumptuous curiosity !

Almighty God is the Lord of life and death, and of all things to them pertaining.

FROM THE ARABIC.

*Elegiac Poems.*

I.

DESPAIR not in the vale of woe,  
Where many joys from suffering flow.

## II.

Oft breathes Simoom, and close behind  
A breath of God doth softly blow.

## III.

Clouds threaten—but a ray of light,  
And not of lightning, falls below.

## IV.

How many winters o'er thy head  
Have past—yet bald it does not show.

## V.

Thy branches are not bare—and yet  
What storms have shook them to and fro.

## VI.

To thee has time brought many joys,  
If many it has bid to go ;

## VII.

And seasoned has with bitterness  
Thy cup, that flat it should not grow.

## VIII.

Trust in that veiled hand, which leads  
None by the path that he would go ;

## IX.

And always be for change prepared,  
For the world's law is ebb and flow.

## X.

Stand fast in suffering, until He  
Who called it shall dismiss also ;

## XI.

And from the Lord all good expect,  
Who many mercies strews below,

## XII.

Who in life's narrow garden-strip  
Has bid delights unnumbered blow.

Almighty God is the Lord of life and death, and of all  
things to them pertaining.

## SUPPORT UNDER AFFLICTION.

*Wordsworth.*

ONE adequate support  
For the calamities of mortal life  
Exists, one only ;—an assured belief  
That the procession of our fate, howe'er  
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being  
Of infinite benevolence and power ;  
Whose everlasting purposes embrace  
All accidents, converting them to good.  
—The darts of anguish fix not, where the seat  
Of suffering hath been throughly fortified  
By acquiescence in the Will Supreme,

For time and for Eternity ; by faith,  
 Faith absolute in God, including hope,  
 And the defence that lies in boundless love  
 Of His perfections ; with habitual dread  
 Of aught unworthily conceived ; endured  
 Impatiently ; ill-done, or left undone,  
 To the dishonour of His holy Name.—  
 Soul of our souls, and safeguard of the world !  
 Sustain, Thou only canst, the sick of heart,  
 Restore their languid spirits, and recal  
 Their lost affections unto Thee and Thine !

Almighty God is the Lord of life and death, and of all  
 things to them pertaining.

#### THE ORDER OF PROVIDENCE.

*Spenser.*

“ **O**F things unseene, how canst thou deeme  
 aright,”  
 Then answerèd the righteous Artegall,—  
 “ Sith thou misdeem’st so much of things in sight ?  
 What though the sea with waves continuall  
 Doe eat the earth, it is no more at all ;  
 Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth aught ;  
 For whatsoever from one place doth fall,  
 Is with the tide unto another brought ;  
 For there is nothing lost that may be found if  
 sought.

Likewise the earth is not augmented more  
By all that dying into it doe fade,  
For of the earth they formed were of yore ;  
However gay their blossome or their blade  
Doe flourish now, they into dust shall vade :  
What wrong then is it if that when they die  
They turne to that whereof they first were made ?  
All in the powre of their great Maker lie ;  
All creatures must obey the voice of the Most  
High.

They live, they die, like as He doth ordaine,  
Ne ever any asketh reason why :  
The hils doe not the lowly dales disdaine ;  
The dales doe not the lofty hils envy.  
He maketh kings to sit in sovereignty ;  
He maketh subjects to their powre obey :  
He pulleth downe, He setteth up on high ;  
He gives to this, from that He takes away ;  
For all we have is His : what He list doe, He may.

Whatever thing is done, by Him is done,  
Ne any may His mighty will withstand ;  
Ne any may His sovereigne power shun,  
Ne loose that He hath bound with steadfast band.  
In vaine therefore dost thou now take in hand  
To call to count, or weigh His workes anew,  
Whose counsel's depth thou canst not understand,  
Sith of things subject to thy daily view,  
Thou dost not know the causes nor their courses  
dew.



For take thy ballaunce, if thou be so wise,  
 And weigh the winde that under heaven doth blow;  
 Or weigh the light that in the east doth rise;  
 Or weigh the thought that from man's mind doth  
 flow :

But if the weight of these thou canst not show,  
 Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall:  
 For how canst thou those greater secrets know,  
 That dost not know the least thing of them all?  
 Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the small."

*Almighty God is the Lord of life and death.*

#### BREVITY OF LIFE.

*Francis Quarles.*

BEHOLD  
 How short a span  
 Was long enough of old,  
 To measure out the life of man !  
 In those well-tempered days, his life was then  
 Surveyed, cast up, and found but threescore years  
 and ten.

Alas !  
 And what is that ?  
 They come, and slide, and pass,  
 Before my pen can tell thee what ;  
 The posts of time are swift, which having run  
 Their seven short stages o'er, their short-lived task  
 is done

Our days  
Begun, we lend  
To sleep, to antic plays  
And toys, until the first stage end :  
Twelve waning moons, twice five times told we give  
To unrecovered loss,—we rather breathe than live.

We spend  
A ten years' breath  
Before we apprehend  
What 'tis to live, or fear a death :  
' Our childish dreams are filled with painted joys,  
Which please our sense awhile, and waking prove  
but toys.

How vain,  
How wretched is  
Poor man, that doth remain  
A slave to such a state as this !  
His days are short at longest, few at most,  
They are but bad at best ; yet lavished out, or  
lost.

They be  
The secret springs,  
That make our minutes flee  
On wheels more swift than eagles' wings :  
Our life's a clock, and every gasp of breath  
Breathes forth a warning grief, till Time shall  
strike a death.

How soon  
Our new-born light  
Attains to full aged-noon !  
And this how soon to grey-haired night !  
We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blast,  
Ere we can count our days, our days they flee so  
fast.

They end  
When scarce begun ;  
And ere we apprehend  
That we begin to live, our life is done ;  
Man, count thy days, and if they fly too fast  
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day  
thy last !

Know you certainly, that it is God's visitation.

ACTS XVII. 27.

*J. S. Monsell.*

THOU art near,—yes, Lord, I feel it,  
Thou art near where'er I move,  
And though sense would fain conceal it,  
Faith oft whispers it to love.

Thou art near,—O what a terror  
To the soul that loves Thee not !  
Thou art near to mark each error,  
Where it cannot be forgot.

Thou art near,—O what a blessing  
To the souls Thy love hath blest !  
Souls, Thy daily care confessing,  
Daily by their God confessed.

Why should I despond or tremble  
When Jehovah stoops to cheer ?  
But O far rather, why dissemble  
When Omniscience is near ?

Am I weak ? Thine arm will lead me  
Safe through every danger, Lord :  
Am I hungry ? Thou wilt feed me  
With the manna of Thy Word.

Am I thirsting ? Thou wilt guide me  
Where refreshing waters flow ;  
Faint or feeble, Thou'lt provide me  
Grace for every want I know.

Am I fearful ? Thou wilt take me  
Underneath Thy wings, my God !  
Am I faithless ? Thou wilt make me  
Bow beneath Thy chastening rod.

Am I drooping ? Thou art near me,  
Near to bear me on my way :  
Am I pleading ? Thou wilt hear me,  
Hear and answer when I pray.

Then, O my soul, since God doth love thee,  
Faint not, droop not, do not fear ;  
For though His Heaven is high above thee,  
He Himself is ever near !

Near to watch thy wayward spirit,  
Sometimes cold and careless grown ;  
But likewise near with grace and merit,  
All thy Saviour's, thence thine own.

~~Whatsoever~~ your sickness is, know you certainly, that it is  
God's visitation.

#### DIVERS PROVIDENCES.

*Wither.*

**W**HEN all the year our fields are fresh and  
green,  
And while sweet showers and sunshine every day,  
As oft as need requireth, come between  
The heavens and earth, they heedless pass away.  
The fulness and continuance of a blessing  
Doth make us to be senseless of the good ;  
And if sometimes it fly not our possessing,  
The sweetness of it is not understood.  
Had we no winter, summer would be thought  
Not half so pleasing ; and if tempests were not,  
Such comforts by a calm could not be brought ;  
For things save by their opposites appear not.

Both health and wealth are tasteless unto some,  
And so is ease and every other pleasure ;  
Till poor, or sick, or grieved they become,  
And then they relish these in ampler measure.  
God, therefore, full as kind as He is wise,  
So tempereth all the favours He will do us,  
That we His bounties may the better prize,  
And make His chastisements less bitter to us.  
One while, a scorching indignation burns  
The flowers and blossoms of our hope away,  
Which into scarcity our plenty turns,  
And changeth new-mown grass to parched hay ;  
Anon, His fruitful showers and pleasing dews  
Commixed with cheerful rays, He sendeth down,  
And then the barren earth her crops renews,  
Which with rich harvests hills and valleys crown ;  
For as, to relish joys, He sorrow sends,  
So comfort on temptation still attends.

Know you certainly, that it is God's visitation.

#### THE WALL-FLOWER.

*H. F. Lyte.*

WHY loves my flower, so high reclined  
upon these walls of barren gloom,  
To waste her sweetness on the wind,  
And far from every eye to bloom ?

Why joy to twine with golden braid  
This ruined rampart's aged head,  
Proud to expose her gentle form,  
And swing her bright locks in the storm ?

That lonely spot is bleak and hoar,  
Where prints my flower her fragrant kiss ;  
Yet sorrow hangs not fonder o'er  
The ruins of her faded bliss.  
And wherefore will she thus inweave  
The owl's lone couch, and feel at eve  
The wild bat o'er her blossoms fling,  
And strike them down with heedless wing ?

Thus, gazing on the loftiest tower  
Of ruined *FORE* at eventide,  
The Muse addressed a lonely flower  
That bloomed above in summer pride.  
The Muse's eye, the Muse's ear,  
Can more than others see and hear :  
The breeze of evening murmured by,  
And gave, she deemed, this faint reply :

“ On this lone tower, so wild and drear,  
’Mid storms and clouds I love to lie,  
Because I find a freedom here  
Which prouder haunts could ne’er supply.  
Safe on these walls I sit, and stem  
The elements that conquered them ;  
And high o’er reach of plundering foe  
Smile on an anxious world below.

“ Though envied place I may not claim  
On warrior's crest, or lady's hair ;  
Though tongue may never speak my name,  
Nor eye behold and own me fair ;  
To Him, who tends me from the sky,  
I spread my beauties here on high,  
And bid the winds to waft above  
My incense to His throne of love.

“ And though in hermit solitude,  
Aloft and wild, my home I choose, .  
On the rock's bosom pillowed rude,  
And nurtured by the falling dews ;  
Yet duly with the opening year  
I hang my golden mantle here.  
A child of God's I am, and He  
Sustains, and clothes, and shelters me.

“ Nor deem my state without its bliss :  
Mine is the first young smile of day ;  
Mine the light zephyr's earliest kiss ;  
And mine the skylark's matin lay.  
These are my joys : with these on high  
In peace I hope to live and die,  
And drink the dew, and scent the breeze,  
As blithe a flower as Flora sees.”

Bloom on, sweet moralist ! Be thine  
The softest shower, the brightest sun !  
Long o'er a world of error shine,  
And teach them what to seek and shun !



Bloom on, and show the simple glee  
That dwells with those who dwell like thee ;  
From noise, and glare, and folly driven,  
To thought, retirement, peace, and Heaven.

Show them, in thine, the Christian's lot,  
So dark and drear in worldly eyes ;  
And yet he would exchange it not  
For all they most pursue and prize.  
From meaner cares and trammels free,  
He soars above the world, like thee ;  
And, fed and nurtured from above,  
Returns the debt in grateful love.

Frail, like thyself, fair flower, is he,  
And beat by every storm and shower ;  
Yet on a Rock he stands, like thee,  
And braves the tempest's wildest power.  
And there he blooms, and gathers still  
A good from every seeming ill ;  
And, pleased with what his lot has given,  
He lives to God, and looks to Heaven.

J. S.

SWIM through the waves of Time, and ne'er despair,  
But lift thy head, and breathe eternal air.

Whatever your sickness is, know you certainly, that it  
is God's visitation.

## SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

EPHESIANS III. 13.

*J. Keble.*

WISH not, dear friends, my pain away—  
Wish me a wise and thankful heart,  
With God, in all my griefs to stay,  
Nor from His loved correction start.

The dearest offering He can crave  
His portion in our souls to prove,  
What is it to the gift He gave,  
The only Son of His dear love?

But we, like vexed unquiet sprights,  
Will still be hovering o'er the tomb,  
Where buried lie our vain delights,  
Nor sweetly take a sinner's doom.

In Life's long sickness evermore  
Our thoughts are tossing to and fro :  
We change our posture o'er and o'er,  
But cannot rest, nor cheat our woe.

Were it not better to lie still,  
Let Him strike home and bless the rod,  
Never so safe as when our will  
Yields undiscerned by all but God?

Thy precious things, whate'er they be  
That haunt and vex thee, heart and brain,  
Look to the Cross, and thou shalt see  
How thou mayest turn them all to gain.

\*Lovest thou praise? the Cross is shame:  
Or ease? the Cross is bitter grief:  
More pains than tongue or heart can frame  
Were suffered there without relief.

We of that altar would partake,  
But cannot quit the cost—no throne  
Is ours, to leave for Thy dear sake—  
We cannot do as Thou hast done.

We cannot part with Heaven for Thee—  
Yet guide us in Thy track of love:  
Let us gaze on where light should be,  
Though not a beam the clouds remove.

So wanderers ever fond and true  
Look homeward through the evening sky,  
Without a streak of Heaven's soft blue  
To aid Affection's dreaming eye.

The wanderer seeks his native bower,  
And we will look and long for Thee,  
And thank Thee for each trying hour,  
Wishing, not struggling, to be free.

That your faith may be found in the day of the Lord  
laudable, glorious, and honourable, to the increase of glory  
and endless felicity.

*Drummond.*

JERUSALEM! that place divine,  
The vision of sweet peace is named,  
In Heaven her glorious turrets shine,  
Her walls of living stones are framed;  
While angels guard her on each side,  
Fit company for such a bride.

She, decked in new attire, from Heaven  
Her wedding chamber, now descends;  
Prepared in marriage to be given  
To Christ, on whom her joy depends.  
Her walls, wherewith she is enclosed,  
And streets are of pure gold composed.

The gates, adorned with pearls most bright,  
The way to hidden glory show;  
And thither, by the blessed might  
Of faith in Jesus' merits go

All those who are on earth distressed,  
Because they have Christ's name professed.

These stones the workmen dress and beat,  
Before they thoroughly polished are ;  
Then each is in his proper seat  
Established by the builder's care,  
In this fair frame to stand for ever,  
So joined that them no force can sever.

To God who sits in highest seat,  
Glory and power given be,  
To Father, Son, and Paraclete,  
Who reign in equal dignity ;  
Whose boundless power we still adore,  
And sing Their praise for evermore.

That your faith may be found in the day of the Lord  
laudable, glorious, and honourable.

PSALM LXXXIV.

*H. F. Lyte.*

P LEASANT are Thy courts above,  
In the land of light and love ;  
Pleasant are Thy courts below,  
In this land of sin and woe.

O, my spirit longs and faints  
For the converse of Thy saints,  
For the brightness of Thy face,  
King of Glory, God of grace !

Happy birds, that sing and fly  
Round Thy altars, O most High !  
Happier souls, that find a rest  
In a Heavenly Father's breast !  
Like the wandering dove that found  
No repose on earth around,  
They can to their ark repair,  
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls ! their praises flow  
Ever in this vale of woe ;  
Waters in the desert rise,  
Manna feeds them from the skies ;  
On they go from strength to strength,  
Till they reach Thy throne at length,  
At Thy feet adoring fall,  
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win ;  
Guide me through a world of sin ;  
Keep me by Thy saving grace ;  
Give me at Thy side a place.  
Sun and shield alike Thou art ;  
Guide and guard my erring heart ;  
Grace and glory flow from Thee ;  
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

That your faith may be found in the day of the Lord  
laudable, glorious, and honourable.

· FAITH IN PERIL.

J. S.

THIS outward life, with all its busy forms,  
Whirling like flakes of snow in alpine storms,  
Confuses, chills, and in a shifting grave  
Entombs the spirit that the Eternal gave.  
Yet look through these to Him, undaunted strive,  
Through drift and darkness, saving Faith alive,  
And He will be beside thee still,—uphold,  
Enlighten, cheer, with Love and Hope make bold,  
And in worst hours of fear, before His eye  
The mountain-ice, and gulfs of snow shall fly;  
Thou on His rock shalt stand secure, and raise  
Thy wings towards Heaven, and hear its songs of  
praise.

That your faith may be found in the day of the Lord  
laudable, glorious, and honourable.

*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

RISE, O my soul, with thy desires to Heaven,  
And with divinest contemplation use  
Thy Time, where Time's eternity is given,  
And let vain thoughts no more thy thoughts  
abuse :

But down in darkness let them lie,  
So live thy better, let thy worse thoughts die.

And thou, my soul, inspired with holy flame,  
View and review with most regardful eye  
That holy Cross whence thy salvation came,  
On which thy Saviour, and thy sin did die :  
For in that sacred object is much pleasure,  
And in that Saviour is my life, my treasure.

To Thee (O Jesu) I direct my eye,  
To Thee my hands, to Thee my humble knees,  
To Thee my heart shall offer sacrifice,  
To Thee my thoughts, who my thoughts only  
sees :  
To Thee myself, myself and all I give ;  
To Thee I die, to Thee I only live.

To correct and amend in you whatsoever doth offend the  
eyes of your Heavenly Father.

PRAYER ANSWERED BY CROSSES.

*J. Newton...*

I ASKED the Lord that I might grow  
In faith, and love, and every grace ;  
Might more of His salvation know,  
And seek more earnestly His face.



'Twas He who taught me thus to pray,  
And He, I trust, has answered prayer ;  
But it has been in such a way  
As almost drove me to despair.

I hoped that in some favoured hour  
At once He'd answer my request ;  
And by His love's constraining power  
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

Instead of this He made me feel  
The hidden evils of my heart ;  
And let the angry powers of hell  
Assault my soul in every part.

Yea, more, with His own hand He seemed  
Intent to aggravate my woe ;  
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,  
Blasted my gourds, and laid them low.

"Lord, why is this ?" I trembling cried,  
"Wilt Thou pursue Thy worm to death ?"  
"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,  
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.

"These inward trials I employ  
From self and pride to set thee free ;  
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,  
That thou mayest seek thy all in Me."

To correct and amend in you whatsoever doth offend the  
eyes of your Heavenly Father.

JEREMIAH X. 24.

\*

*S. Wilberforce.*

NOT all at once, not in Thy wrath, O Lord,  
Break Thou these stubborn hearts of ours,  
we pray !

Not all at once,—for we are weak, and they  
Draw trembling back from that Thy fiery sword.

But as a tender mother day by day  
Weans the weak babe she loves, lest it should pine,  
So wean us, Lord—so make us wholly Thine,

Lest in our feebleness we start away  
From Thy loved chastening : for we could not bear  
The sudden vision of ourselves and Thee,

Or learn at once how vain our bright hopes be.  
Then be our earthly weakness, Lord, Thy care,  
And e'en in wounding heal—in breaking spare.

To correct and amend in you whatsoever doth offend the  
eyes of your Heavenly Father.

HYMN.

THE THIRD DAY OF CREATION.

(PART.)

*T. Whytehead.*

THOU spakest ; and the waters roll'd  
Back from the earth away,  
They fled, by Thy strong voice controll'd,  
Till Thou didst bid them stay :  
Then did that rushing mighty ocean  
Like a tame creature cease its motion,  
Nor dared to pass where'er Thy hand  
Had fixed its bound of slender sand.

And freshly risen from out the deep  
The land lay tranquil now,  
Like a new-christened child asleep,  
With the dew upon its brow :  
As when in after time the Earth  
Rose from her second watery birth  
In pure baptismal garments drest,  
And calmly waiting to be blest.

Again Thou spakest, Lord of power,  
And straight the land was seen  
All clad with tree, and herb, and flower,  
A robe of lustrous green :

Like souls wherein the hidden strength  
Of their new-birth is waked at length,  
When, robed in holiness, they tell  
What might did in those waters dwell.

Lord, o'er the waters of my soul  
The word of power be said ;  
Its thoughts and passions bid Thou roll  
Each in its channell'd bed ;  
Till that in peaceful order flowing,  
They time their glad obedient going  
To Thy commands, whose voice to-day  
Bade the tumultuous floods obey.

For restless as the moaning sea,  
The wild and wayward will  
From side to side is wearily  
Changing and tossing still ;  
But sway'd by Thee, 'tis like the river  
That down its green banks flows for ever,  
And, calm and constant, tells to all  
The blessedness of such sweet thrall.

Then in my heart, Spirit of Might,  
Awake the life within,  
And bid a spring-tide, calm and bright,  
Of holiness begin :  
So let it lie with Heaven's grace  
Full shining on its quiet face,  
Like the young Earth in peace profound,  
Amid th' assuagèd waters round.

To correct and amend in you whatsoever doth offend the  
eyes of your Heavenly Father.

AFFLICTION.

*Henry Vaughan.*

PEACE, peace ; It is not so. Thou dost mis-  
call

Thy Physick ; Pills that change

Thy sick Accessions into settled health ;

This is the great *Elixir* that turns gall

To wine and sweetness, Poverty to wealth,

And brings man home, when he doth range.

Did not He, who ordain'd the day,

Ordain night too ?

And in the greater world display

What in the lesser He would do ?

All flesh is Clay, thou know'st ; and but that God

Doth use His rod,

And by a fruitful Change of frosts and showres

Cherish and bind thy *pow'rs*,

Thou wouldst to weeds and thistles quite disperse,

And be more wild than is thy verse.

Sickness is wholesome, Crosses are but curbs

To check the mule, unruly man ;

They are heaven's husbandry, the famous fan,

Purging the floor which Chaff disturbs.

Were all the year one constant Sun-shine, wee

Should have no flowres ;

All would be drought and leanness ; not a tree

Would make us bowres.

Beauty consists in colours ; and that's best  
: Which is not fixt, but flies and flowes.  
The settled *Red* is dull, and *whites* that rest  
Something of sickness would disclose.  
Vicissitude plaies all the game ;  
Nothing that stirrs,  
Or hath a name,  
But waits upon this wheel ;  
Kingdomes too have their Physick, and for steel  
Exchange their peace and furs.  
Thus doth God *Key* disorder'd man,  
which none else can,  
Tuning his brest to rise or fall ;  
And by a sacred, needfull art,  
Like strings, stretch ev'ry part,  
Making the whole most Musicall.

Render unto Him humble thanks for His fatherly visitation,  
submitting yourself wholly unto His Will.

### THE LENT JEWELS.

#### A JEWISH TALE.

*Elegiac Poems.*

IN schools of wisdom all the day was spent :  
His steps at eve the Rabbi homeward bent,  
With homeward thoughts which dwelt upon the  
wife  
And two fair children who consoled his life.

She, meeting at the threshold, led him in,  
And with these words, preventing, did begin :  
“ Ever rejoicing at your wished return,  
Yet do I most so now : for since this morn  
I have been much perplexed and sorely tried  
Upon one point, which you shall now decide.  
Some years ago, a friend into my care  
Some jewels gave, rich, precious gems they were ;  
But having given them in my charge, this friend  
Did afterward nor come for them, nor send,  
But left them in my keeping for so long,  
That now it almost seems to me a wrong  
That he should suddenly arrive to-day,  
To take those jewels, which he left, away.  
What think you ? Shall I freely yield them back,  
And with no murmuring ?—so henceforth to lack  
Those gems myself, which I had learned to see  
Almost as mine for ever, mine in fee.”

“ What question can be here ?—Your own true  
heart  
Must needs advise you of the only part.  
That may be claimed again which was but lent,  
And should be yielded with no discontent :  
Nor surely can we find herein a wrong,  
That it was left us to enjoy it long.”

“ Good is the word,” she answered ; “ may we  
now  
And evermore that it is good allow !”

- . And rising, to an inner chamber led,  
And there she showed him, stretched upon one  
bed,  
Two children pale,—and he the jewels knew,  
Which God had lent him and resumed anew.

Render unto Him humble thanks for His fatherly  
visitation.

## COUPLETS.

*R. C. Trench.*

GUEST in a ruinous hut, thou loathest to  
depart:  
Were thine a finer house, 'twould prove a bitterer  
smart.

God's dealings still are love—His chastenings are  
alone  
Love now compelled to take an altered louder tone.

When thou hast thanked thy God for every blessing  
sent,  
What time will then remain for murmurs or lament?

Their windows and their doors some close—and  
murmuring say,  
The light of heaven ne'er sought into my house a  
way.



God often would enrich, but finds not where to  
place

His treasure, nor in hand nor heart a vacant space.

The oyster sickens while the pearl doth substance  
win :

Thank God for pains that prove a noble growth  
within.

Some are resign'd to go,—might we such grace  
attain,

That we should need our resignation to remain.

God's loudest threatenings speak of love and ten-  
derest care,

For who, that wished his blow to light, would say,  
Beware ?

What is our work when God a blessing would im-  
part ?

To bring the empty vessel of a needy heart.

Till life is coming back, our death we do not feel,  
Light must be entering in, our darkness to reveal.

Ill fares the child of heaven who will not entertain  
On earth the stranger's grief, the exile's sense of  
pain.

Acknowledge present good, or thou wilt need to  
learn,—

And by its loss, thy good, thy mercies to discern.

Ashes and dust thou art—allow it so to be,  
And from that moment forth it is not true for thee.

To see the face of God, this makes the joy of  
    heaven;  
The purer then the eye, the more joy will be given.

When God afflicts thee, think He hews a rugged  
    stone,  
Which must be shaped, or else aside as useless  
    thrown.

'Tis ill with man when this is all he cares to know  
Of his own self, to wit, his vileness and his woe.

God loves to work in wax, not marble—let Him  
    find  
When He would mould thine heart, material to His  
    mind.

Wouldst thou abolish quite strongholds of self and  
    sin?  
Fear can but make the breach for Love to enter in.

To cure thee of thy pride, that deepest seated ill,  
God humbled His Own Self—wilt thou thy pride  
    keep still?

He knew, who healed our wounds, we quickly  
    should be fain  
Our old hurts to forget—so let the scars remain.

Why win we not at once what we in prayer require ?

That we may learn great things as greatly to desire.

One furnace many times the good and bad will hold :

Yet what consumes the chaff will only cleanse the gold.

Render unto Him humble thanks for His fatherly  
visitation.

*Aubrey de Vere.*

COUNT each affliction, whether light or grave,  
God's messenger sent down to thee. Do thou  
With courtesy receive him : rise and bow :  
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave  
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave,  
Then lay before him all thou hast. Allow  
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,  
Or mar thy hospitality, no wave  
Of mortal tumult to obliterate  
Thy soul's marmoreal calmness. Grief should be  
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,  
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free :  
Strong to consume small troubles ; to commend  
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to  
the end.

Render unto Him humble thanks for His fatherly  
visitation.

## THOUGHTS IN AFFLICTION.

\*

*E. M.*

O THOU, my kind chastising God,  
Help me to own Thy sway ;  
Teach me to bend beneath Thy rod,  
And cast my pride away.

Have I then wished, (presumptuous thought !)  
The weight of sorrow less,  
Or e'er with earthly weapons fought  
Against my deep distress ?—

Teach me with meek submissive awe  
To own Thy sovereign will,  
E'en from Thy rod my comforts draw,  
And weep, but thank Thee still.

And O, if those, once sent by Thee  
To soothe the bitter tear,  
Now seem Thy messengers to be  
Of judgments more severe,—

Let me Thy ruling hand discern,  
Thy voice of mercy know,  
And from Thy gentle teaching learn  
To seek no bliss below.

A mourner through this gloomy vale  
    'Tis meet Thy child should go,  
Until Thy mighty hand prevail  
    To conquer every foe.

For Thou hast said, an hour should come  
    When, at Thy high behest,  
Earth shall prepare Thy saints a home,  
    And Thou amidst them rest !

Render unto Him humble thanks for His fatherly  
    visitation.

#### FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

FROM THE EPISTLE.

*J. Moultree.*

REJOICE in Christ alway—  
    When earth looks heavenly bright,  
When joy makes glad the livelong day,  
    And peace shuts in the night.  
Rejoice, when care and woe  
    The fainting soul oppress,—  
When tears at wakeful midnight flow,  
    And morn brings heaviness.

Rejoice, when festal boughs  
    Our winter walls adorn,  
And Christians greet, with hymns and vows,  
    The Saviour's natal morn.

Rejoice when mourning weeds  
The widowed Church doth wear,  
In memory of her Lord who bleeds,  
While Christian's fast to prayer.

Rejoice in hope and fear,—  
Rejoice in life and death,—  
Rejoice, when threatening storms are near,  
And comfort languisheth.  
When should not they rejoice  
Whom Christ His brethren calls—  
Who hear and know His guiding voice  
When on their hearts it falls?

Yet not to rash excess  
Let joy like ours prevail ;—  
Feast not on earth's deliciousness,  
Till faith begin to fail.  
Our temperate use of bliss—  
Let it to all appear ;  
And be our constant watchword this—  
"The Lord Himself is near!"

Take anxious care for nought,—  
To God your wants make known,  
And soar, on wings of heavenly thought,  
Toward His eternal throne.  
So, though our path is steep,  
And many a tempest lours,  
Shall His own peace our spirits keep,  
And Christ's dear love be ours.

Submitting yourself wholly unto His will.

*"The Child's Christian Year."*

I.

**O** LORD ! how happy should we be  
If we could cast our care on Thee,  
If we from self could rest ;  
And feel at heart that One above  
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,  
Is working for the best.

II.

How far from this our daily life !  
Ever disturbed by anxious strife,  
By sudden wild alarms ;  
O could we but relinquish all  
Our earthly props, and simply fall  
On Thy Almighty arms !

III.

Could we but kneel, and cast our load,  
E'en while we pray, upon our God,  
Then rise with lightened cheer ;  
Sure that the Father, who is nigh  
To still the famish'd ravens' cry,  
Will hear, in that we fear.

## IV.

We cannot trust Him as we should,  
So chafes fallen nature's restless mood  
To cast its peace away ;  
Yet birds and flowrets round us preach  
All, all the present evil teach  
Sufficient for the day.

## V.

Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours  
Such lesson learn from birds and flowers,  
Make them from self to cease ;  
Leave all things to a Father's will,  
And taste, before Him lying still,  
E'en in affliction, peace.

*Submitting yourself wholly unto His will.*

*Charles Wesley.*

O THOU whose wise paternal love  
Hath brought my active spirit down—  
Thy will I thankfully approve ;  
And, prostrate at Thy gracious Throne,  
I offer up my life's remains,  
I choose the state my God ordains.



Cast as a broken vessel by,  
Thy work I can no longer do ;  
But while a daily death I die,  
Thy power I may in weakness show.  
My patience may Thy glory raise,  
My speechless woe proclaim Thy praise.

But since, without Thy Spirit's might,  
Thou know'st I nothing can endure,  
The aid I ask in Jesu's right—  
The strength He did for me procure—  
Father, abundantly impart,  
And arm with love my feeble heart.

O may I live of Thee possess'd  
In weakness, weariness, and pain ;  
The anguish of my throbbing breast,  
The daily cross, may I sustain,  
For Him who languished on the tree,  
But lived, before He died, for me.

*Submitting yourself wholly unto His will.*

*Cowper.*

O LORD, my best desire fulfil,  
And help me to resign  
Life, health, and comfort, to Thy will,  
And make Thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at Thy command,  
Whose love forbids my fears ;  
Or tremble at the gracious hand  
That wipes away my tears ?

No, let me rather freely yield  
What most I prize to Thee ;  
Who never hast a good withheld,  
Or wilt withhold from me.

Thy favour all my journey through,  
Thou hast engaged to grant ;  
What else I want, or think I do,  
'Tis better still to want.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way ;  
Shall I resist them both ?  
The poor blind creature of a day,  
And crushed before the moth !

But ah ! my inward spirit cries—  
Still bind me to Thy sway ;  
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,  
Drives all these thoughts away.

Submitting yourself wholly unto His will.

SUBMISSION.

(PART.)

*Bishop Ken.*

**L**IKE Thy blest self, Lord, teach me to submit  
To all my Heavenly Father shall think fit :  
To yield the full subjection of a son,  
Pray—"Father, not my will, but Thine, be done."  
He ever lives, unviolenced by ill,  
Who, to his God devoted, has no will.  
Since Thou my Father art, O God, I right  
Claim in Thy boundless goodness, wisdom, might :  
Thy wisdom will my soul in doubts direct ;  
Thy might will in calamities protect ;  
Thy goodness ne'er will causelessly afflict ;  
With all the three I'll keep an union strict :  
They'll me proportion what for me is best,  
In their disposal, I'll entirely rest.  
I unto Thee refund my borrowed mind,  
To centre in Thee by a will resigned.

Submitting yourself wholly unto His will.

THE SEA-BIRD.

**I**'VE watch'd the sea-bird calmly glide  
Unruffled o'er the ocean tide :

Unscared she heard the waters roar  
In foaming breakers on the shore ;  
Fearless of ill, herself she gave  
To rise upon the lifting wave,  
Or sink, to be awhile unseen,  
The undulating swells between :  
Till, as the evening shadows grew,  
Noiseless, unheard, aloft she flew.  
While soaring to her rock-built nest  
A sunbeam lighted on her breast,—  
A moment glittered in mine eye,  
Then quickly vanished through the sky.

While by the pebbly beach I stood,  
That sea-bird, on the waving flood,  
Pictured to my enraptured eye  
A soul at peace with God :—Now high,  
Now low, upon the gulf of life  
Raised or depressed, in peace or strife,  
Calmly she kens the changeful wave,  
She dreads no storm—she fears no grave ;  
To her, the world's tumultuous roar  
Dies like the echo on the shore.  
“ Father ! Thy pleasure all fulfil,  
I yield me to Thy sovereign will ;  
Let earthly comforts ebb or rise,  
Tranquil on Thee my soul relies.”  
Then, as advance the shades of night,  
Long plumed, she takes her heavenward flight ;  
But, as she mounts, I see her fling  
A beam of glory from her wing,—

A moment—to my aching sight  
Lost in the boundless fields of light !

*Submitting yourself wholly unto His will.*

*Bishop Ken.*

SINCE 'tis God's will—pain, take your course,  
Exert on me your utmost force—  
I well God's truth and promise know ;  
He never sends a woe,  
But His supports divine  
In due proportion with the affliction join.

Though I am frailest of mankind,  
And apt to waver as the wind—  
Though me no feeble bruised reed  
In weakness can exceed—  
My soul on God relies,  
And I your fierce, redoubled shocks despise.

Patient, resigned, and humble wills  
Impregably resist all ills.  
My God will guide me by His light,  
Give me victorious might :  
No pang can me invade,  
Beneath His wings' propitious shade.

*Submitting yourself wholly unto His will.*

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

*Milton.*

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,  
Ere half my days, in this dark world and  
wide,  
And that one talent which is death to hide,  
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest He, returning, chide,—  
“Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?”  
I fondly ask—But Patience, to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies—“God doth not need  
Either man’s work, or His own gifts ; who best  
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best : His state  
Is kingly ;—thousands at His bidding speed  
And post o’er land and ocean without rest :  
They also serve who only stand and wait !”

*Submitting yourself wholly unto His will.*

*J. S. Monsell.*

MY Father and my God,  
O set this spirit free !  
I’d gladly kiss the rod  
That drove my trembling soul to Thee,  
And made it Thine eternally.

Sweet were the bitterest smart,  
That with the bended knee  
Would bow this broken heart ;  
For who, my Saviour, who could be  
A sufferer long, that flies to Thee ?

The tears we shed for sin  
When heaven alone can see,  
Leave truer peace within  
Than worldly smiles, which cannot be  
Lit up, my God, with smiles from Thee.

Then give me any lot,  
I'll bless Thy just decree,  
So Thou art not forgot,  
And I may ne'er dependent be  
On any friend, my God, but Thee !

As needle to the pole,  
There fix'd, but tremblingly,—  
Such be my trusting soul,  
Whate'er life's variations be,  
For ever pointing, Lord, to Thee !

Submitting yourself wholly unto His will.

THE CHILD.

*J. Newton.*

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,  
Make me teachable and mild,  
Upright, simple, free from art,  
Make me as a weanèd child :  
From distrust and envy free,  
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide  
Let me as a child receive ;  
What to-morrow may betide  
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave :  
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care,  
Why should I the burden bear ?

As a little child relies  
On a care beyond its own ;  
Knows he's neither strong nor wise—  
Fears to stir a step alone—  
Let me thus with Thee abide,  
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.



Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,  
Safe from dangers, free from fears,  
May I live upon Thy smiles,  
Till the promised hour appears,  
When the sons of God shall prove  
All their Father's boundless love.

*Submitting yourself wholly unto His will.*

THE RESIGNATION.

*J. Norris.*

**L**ONG have I viewed, long have I thought,  
And held with trembling hand this bitter  
draught :

'Twas now just to my lips applied ;  
Nature shrank in, and all my courage died,—  
But now resolv'd and firm I'll be,  
Since, Lord, 'tis mingled and reach'd out by Thee.

Since 'tis Thy sentence I should part  
With the most precious treasure of my heart,  
I freely that and more resign ;  
My heart itself, as its delight, is Thine ;  
My little all I give to Thee—  
Thou gavest a greater gift, Thy Son, to me.

He left true bliss and joys above,  
Himself He emptied of all good, but love ;  
For me He freely did forsake  
More good than He from me can ever take,  
A mortal life for a divine  
He took, and did at last even that resign.

Take all, great God ; I will not grieve ;  
But still will wish that I had still to give.  
I hear Thy voice ; Thou bidd'st me quit  
My paradise—I bless and do submit.  
I will not murmur at Thy word,  
Nor beg Thy angel to sheath up his sword.

*It shall turn to your profit, and help you forward in the  
right way that leadeth unto everlasting life.*

•

c.

S AVIOUR ! beneath Thy yoke  
My wayward heart doth pine,  
All unaccustomed to the stroke  
Of love divine :  
Thy chastisements, my God, are hard to bear,  
Thy cross is heavy for frail flesh to wear.  
“Perishing child of clay !  
Thy sighing I have heard ;  
Long have I marked thy evil way  
How thou hast erred ;  
Yet fear not—by My own most holy Name  
I will shed healing through thy sin-sick frame.”  
Praise to Thee, gracious Lord !  
I fain would be at rest,  
O now fulfil Thy faithful word,  
And make me blest :  
My soul would lay her heavy burden down,  
And take with joyfulness the promised crown.

“Stay, thou short-sighted child !  
There is much first to do ;  
Thy heart so long by sin defiled,  
I must renew :  
Thy will must here be taught to bend to mine,  
Or the sweet peace of Heaven can ne’er be thine.”

Yea, Lord, but Thou can’st soon  
Perfect Thy work in me,  
Till, like the pure calm summer moon,  
I shine by Thee ;  
A moment shine, that all Thy power may trace,  
Then pass in stillness to my heavenly place.

“ Ah, coward soul ! confess  
Thou shrinkest from My cure,  
Thou tremblest at the sharp distress  
Thou must endure ;  
The foes on every hand for war arrayed ;  
The thorny path in tribulation laid ;

“ The process slow of years,  
The discipline of life,—  
Of outward woes and secret tears,  
Sickness and strife,—  
The idols taken from thee one by one,  
Till thou canst dare to live with Me alone.

“ Some gentle souls there are  
Who yield unto My love,  
Who, ripening fast beneath My care,  
I soon remove ;

But thou stiff-neckèd art and hard to rule,  
Thou must stay longer in affliction's school."

My Maker and my King!  
Is this Thy love to me?  
O that I had the lightning's wing  
From earth to flee,—  
How can I bear the heavy weight of woes  
Thine indignation on Thy creature throws?

"Thou canst not, O my child,  
So hear My voice again—  
I will bear all thy anguish wild,  
Thy grief—thy pain;  
My arms shall be around thee day by day,  
My smile shall cheer thee on thy heavenward way.

"In sickness I will be  
Watching beside thy bed,  
In sorrow thou shalt lean on Me  
Thy aching head,  
In every struggle thou shalt conqueror prove,  
Nor death itself shall sever from My love."

O grace beyond compare!  
O love most high and pure!  
Saviour begin, no longer spare—  
I can endure:  
Only vouchsafe Thy grace that I may live  
Unto Thy glory who canst so forgive.

## THE EXHORTATION.

### SECOND PART.

Take therefore in good part the chastisement of the Lord : For (as Saint Paul saith in the twelfth chapter to the Hebrews) whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons ; for what son is he whom the Father chasteneth not ? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards and not sons. Furthermore, we have had Fathers of our flesh, which corrected us, and we gave them reverence : shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live ? For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure ; but He for our profit, that we might be partakers of His holiness.

These words, good brother, are written in Holy Scripture for our comfort and instruction ; that we should patiently, and with thanksgiving, bear our heavenly Father's correction, whensoever by any manner of adversity it shall please His gra-

rious goodness to visit us. And there should be no greater comfort to Christian persons than to be made like unto Christ, by suffering patiently adversities, troubles, and sicknesses. For He Himself went not up to joy, but first He suffered pain; He entered not into His glory before He was crucified. So truly our way to eternal joy is to suffer here with Christ; and our door to enter into eternal life is gladly to die with Christ; that we may rise again from death, and dwell with Him in everlasting life.

Now therefore, taking your sickness, which is thus profitable for you, patiently, I exhort you, in the Name of God, to remember the profession which you made unto God in your baptism. And forasmuch as after this life there is an account to be given unto the righteous Judge, by whom all must be judged, without respect of persons, I require you to examine yourself and your estate, both toward God and man; so that, accusing and condemning yourself for your own faults, you may find mercy at our heavenly Father's hand for Christ's sake, and not be accused and condemned in that fearful judgment.

Therefore I shall rehearse to you the Articles of our Faith, that you may know whether you do believe as a Christian man should, or no.

Take therefore in good part the chastisement of the Lord :

*Elegiac Poems.*

WHAT, many times I musing asked, is man,  
If grief and care  
Keep far from him? he knows not what he can,  
What cannot bear.

He, till the fire hath purged him, doth remain  
Mixed all with dross :  
To lack the loving discipline of pain  
Were endless loss.

Yet when my Lord did ask me on what side  
I were content  
The grief whereby I must be purified,  
To me were sent,

As each imagined anguish did appear,  
Each withering bliss  
Before my soul, I cried, "Oh! spare me here,  
Oh no, not this!—"

Like one that having need of, deep within,  
The surgeon's knife,  
Would hardly bear that it should graze the skin,  
Though for his life.

Nay then but He, who best doth understand  
Both what we need,  
And what can bear, did take my case in hand,  
Nor crying heed.

Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth  
every son whom He receiveth.

*Cowper.*

'TIS my happiness below  
Not to live without the cross,  
But the Saviour's power to know,  
Sanctifying every loss.  
Trials must and will befall,  
But with humble faith to see  
Love inscribed upon them all,  
This is happiness to me.

God in Israel sows the seeds  
Of affliction, pain, and toil ;  
These spring up and choke the weeds  
Which would else o'erspread the soil.  
Trials make the promise sweet,  
Trials give new life to prayer,  
Trials bring me to His feet,  
Lay me low, and keep me there.



Did I meet no trials here,  
No chastisement by the way,  
Might I not with reason fear  
I should prove a castaway?  
Bastards may escape the rod,  
Sunk in earthly vain delight;  
But the true-born child of God  
Must not, would not, if he might.

*Take therefore in good part the chastisement of the Lord :*

\*

*E. F.*

MUCH have I borne, but not as I should  
bear;—  
The proud will unsubdued, the formal prayer,  
Tell me Thou yet wilt chide, Thou canst not spare,  
O Lord, Thy chastening rod!  
O help me, Father! for my sinful heart  
Back from this discipline of grief would start,  
Unmindful of His sorer, deeper smart,  
Who died for me, my God!

Yet, if each wish denied, each woe and pain,  
Break but some link of that oppressive chain  
Which binds me still to earth, and leaves a stain  
Thou only canst remove—

Then am I blest—O bliss from man concealed !  
If here to Christ, the weak one's Tower and Shield  
My heart through sorrow be set free to yield  
A service of deep love.

Take therefore in good part the chastisement of the Lord :

THE PULLEY.

*George Herbert.*

WHEN God at first made man,  
Having a glass of blessings standing by,  
“Let us,” said He, “pour on him all we can ;  
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,  
Contract into a span.”

So Strength first made away ;  
Then Beauty flowed ; then Wisdom, Honour, Pleasure :

When almost all was out, God made a stay,  
Perceiving that alone of all his treasure  
REST in the bottom lay.

“For if I should,” said He,  
“Bestow *this* jewel also on my creature,  
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,  
And rest in nature, not the God of nature ;—  
So both should losers be.

“Yet let him keep the rest ;  
But keep them with repining restlessness :  
Let him be rich, and weary ; that at least  
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness  
May toss him to my breast.”

Take therefore in good part the chastisement of the Lord :

TO GOD.

*Ben Jonson.*

HEAR me, O God !  
A broken heart  
Is my best part :  
Use still Thy rod,  
That I may prove  
Therein Thy love.

If thou hadst not  
Been stern to me,  
But left me free,  
I had forgot  
Myself and Thee.

For sin's so sweet  
As minds ill bent  
Rarely repent,  
Until they meet  
Their punishment.

Who more can crave  
Than Thou hast done ?  
That gav'st a Son  
To free a slave :  
First made of nought ;  
Withal since bought.

Sin, death, and hell,  
His glorious name  
Quite overcame ;  
Yet I rebel,  
And slight the same.

But I'll come in,  
Before my loss  
Me further toss—  
As sure to win  
Under His cross.

Take therefore in good part the chastisement of the Lord :

LOVE, AND DISCIPLINE.

*Henry Vaughan.*

SINCE in a land not barren still,  
Because Thou dost Thy grace distill,  
My lot is fall'n, blest be Thy will !

And since these biting frosts but kill  
Some tares in me which choke or spill  
That seed Thou sow'st, blest be Thy skill !

Blest be Thy dew, and blest Thy frost,  
And happy I to be so crost,  
And cur'd by crosses at Thy cost.

The dew doth cheer what is distrest,  
The frosts ill weeds nip and molest,  
In both Thou work'st unto the best.

Thus while Thy sev'ral mercies plot,  
And work on me, now cold now hot,  
The work goes on, and slacketh not ;

For as Thy hand the weather steers,  
So thrive I best 'twixt joyes and tears,  
And all the year have some green ears.

If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons. . . . We should patiently, and with thanksgiving, bear our heavenly Father's correction.

#### BEREAVEMENT.

*Elizabeth B. Barrett.*

WHEN some beloveds, 'neath whose eyelids  
lay  
The sweet lights of my childhood, one by one  
Did leave me dark before the natural sun,  
And I astonied fell, and could not pray ;

A thought within me to myself did say,—  
“Is God less God, that thou art mortal sad?  
Rise, worship, bless Him, in this sackcloth clad,  
As in that purple!”—But I answer, nay!  
What child his filial heart in words conveys,  
If him for very good his father choose  
To smite? What can he, but with sobbing breath  
Embrace the unwilling hand which chasteneth?  
And my dear Father, thinking fit to bruise,  
Discerns in silent tears both prayer and praise.

*Shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father  
of spirits, and live?*

#### THE LONE ROCK.

*T. V. Fosbery.*

THERE is a single stone  
Above yon wave,  
A rocky islet lone—  
Where tempests rave.

What doth it there?—The sea,  
Restless and deep,  
Breaks round it mournfully,  
And knows no sleep.

The sea hath hung it round  
With its wild weed,  
No place can *there* be found  
For better seed.

Storm-beaten rock ! no change  
'Tis thine to know,  
Only the water's range  
Of ebb and flow.

The happy sounds of earth  
Are not for thee,  
The voice of human mirth—  
Of children's glee :

No song of birds is thine,  
No crown of flowers !  
Say, dost thou not repine  
Through long lone hours ?

Yet stars for thee are bright  
In midnight skies,  
And tranquil worlds of light  
Around thee rise :

They smooth thine ocean-bed,  
Its heavings cease,  
While they, from o'er thy head,  
Breathe on thee peace.

The wearied man of grief  
Like thee I deem,  
To whom comes no relief  
Through life's dark dream.

No human ties are left,  
Earth's hopes are gone ;  
He dwells, a thing bereft—  
Blighted—alone.

Yet o'er him from above  
Bright spirits bend ;  
And He whose name is Love,  
Calls him His friend ;

And thus he thankful learns  
Why grief was given,  
And trusting, peaceful, turns  
To God in Heaven.

*These words, good brother, are written in Holy Scripture  
for our comfort and instruction ;*

*Cowper.*

**O** CHILD of Sorrow, be it thine to know  
That Scripture only is the cure of woe :  
That field of promise—how it flings abroad  
Its perfume o'er the Christian's thorny road.  
The soul, reposing in assured belief,  
Feels herself happy amidst all her grief ;  
Forgets her labour as she toils along,  
Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song.

*Ascribed to Henry Martyn.*

**S**AY would'st thou live? This hallowed page  
shall tell  
Where life's best joys and holiest pleasures dwell :



Say must thou die? Ah! prize this sacred lore,  
That points to worlds where death can wound no  
more :

Living or dying, this shall soothe each pain,  
Whispering—"To live is Christ, to die is gain."

~~That we should~~ patiently, and with thanksgiving, bear our  
~~heavenly Father's~~ correction;

MARK X. 39.

"—AND THEY SAY UNTO HIM, WE CAN."

*S. Wilberforce.*

AH! little knew I, Lord, when Thou wouldst first  
Allure my trembling soul to Thy dear side,  
And bid me, sheltered there, in peace abide;  
When I did pray as they two prayed erst  
Of Thine own cup to slake their spirits' thirst,  
And to sit by Thee one day glorified:  
Ah! little knew I how it must betide  
With youth's bright hopes, and my young spirit's  
burst;  
How—pale, and sad, and trembling, I should see  
Earth's visions, one by one, fade all away;  
How this warm heart should torn and riven be,  
How bitter tears should feed me night and day,  
Ere on thy love my soul her all would stay,  
Or walk this busy earth alone with Thee.

That we should patiently, and with thanksgiving, bear our  
heavenly Father's correction ;

## DESOLATION.

(PART.)

*Sir J. Beaumont.*

**T**HIS then must be the med'cine for my woes,  
To yield to what my Saviour shall dispose ;  
To glory in my baseness;<sup>1</sup> to rejoice  
In mine afflictions ; to obey His voice,  
As well when threatenings my defects reprove,  
As when I cherished am with words of love ;  
To say to Him in every time and place—  
Withdraw Thy comforts, so Thou leave Thy grace.

That we should patiently, and with thanksgiving, bear our  
heavenly Father's correction ;

## “REJOICE EVERMORE.”

*R. C. Trench.*

## I.

**B**UT how should we be glad ?  
We that are journeying through a vale of tears,  
Encompassed with a thousand woes and fears,  
How should we not be sad ?

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* abasement.

## II.

Angels that ever stand  
Within the presence-chamber, and there raise  
The never-interrupted hymn of praise,  
May welcome this command.

## III.

Or they whose strife is o'er,  
Who all their weary length of life have trod,  
As pillars now within the temple of God,  
That shall go out no more.

## IV.

But we who wander here,  
We that are exiled in this gloomy place,  
Still doomed to water earth's unthankful face  
With many a bitter tear—

## V.

Bid us lament and mourn,  
Bid us that we go mourning all the day,  
And we will find it easy to obey,  
Of our best things forlorn ;

## VI.

But not that we be glad ;  
If it be true the mourners are the blest,  
O leave us, in a world of sin, unrest,  
And trouble, to be sad.

## VII.

I spake, and thought to weep,  
For sin and sorrow, suffering and crime,  
That fill the world, all mine appointed time  
A settled grief to keep.

## VIII.

When lo! as day from night,  
As day from out the womb of night forlorn,  
So from that sorrow was that gladness born,  
Even in mine own despite.

## IX.

Yet was not that by this  
Excluded, at the coming of that joy  
Fled not that grief, nor did that grief destroy  
The newly-risen bliss :

## X.

But side by side they flow,  
Two fountains flowing from one smitten heart,  
And oft-times scarcely to be known apart—  
That gladness and that woe ;

## XI.

Two fountains from one source,  
Or which from two such neighbouring sources run,  
That aye for him who shall unseal the one,  
The other flows perforce.

## XII.

And both are sweet and calm,  
 Fair flowers upon the banks of either blow,  
 Both fertilize the soil, and where they flow  
 Shed round them holy balm.

That we should patiently, and with thanksgiving, bear our  
 heavenly Father's correction ;

ST. JOHN'S DAY.

ST. JOHN XXI. 21, 22.

*J. Keble.*

“**L**ORD, and what shall this man do ?”  
 Ask'st thou, Christian, for thy friend ?  
 If his love for Christ be true,  
 Christ hath told thee of his end :  
 This is he whom God approves,  
 This is he whom Jesus loves.

Ask not of him more than this,  
 Leave it in his Saviour's breast,  
 Whether, early call'd to bliss,  
 He in youth shall find his rest,  
 Or armed in his station wait  
 Till his Lord be at the gate :

Whether in his lonely course  
 (Lonely, not forlorn) he stay,  
 Or with Love's supporting force,  
 Cheat the toil and cheer the way :

Leave it all in His high hand,  
Who doth hearts as streams command.<sup>1</sup>

Gales from heaven, if so He will,  
Sweeter melodies can wake  
On the lonely mountain rill  
Than the meeting waters make.  
Who hath the Father and the Son,  
May be left, but not alone.

Sick or healthful, slave or free,  
Wealthy, or despised and poor—  
What is that to him or thee,  
So his love to Christ endure?  
When the shore is won at last,  
Who will count the billows past?

Only, since our souls will shrink  
At the touch of natural grief,  
When our earthly loved ones sink,  
Lend us, Lord, Thy sure relief;  
Patient hearts, their pain to see,  
And Thy grace, to follow Thee.

*That we should patiently, and with thanksgiving, bear our  
heavenly Father's correction;*

*R. C. Trench.*

O THOU of dark forebodings drear,  
O thou of such a faithless heart,  
Hast thou forgotten what thou art,  
That thou hast ventured so to fear?

<sup>1</sup> Prov. xxi. 1.

No weed on Ocean's bosom cast,  
Borne by its never-resting foam  
This way and that, without an home,  
Till flung on some bleak shore at last—

But thou, the Lotus, which above  
Swayed here and there by wind and tide,  
Yet still below doth fixed abide,  
Fast rooted in the eternal Love.

That we should patiently, and with thanksgiving, bear our  
heavenly Father's correction ;

REJOICING IN TRIBULATION.

*Emily Taylor.*

WHEN summer suns their radiance fling  
O'er every bright and beauteous thing;  
When, strong in faith, the evil day  
Of pain and grief seems far away ;  
When sorrow, soon as felt, is gone,  
And smooth the stream of life glides on ;  
When duty, cheerful, chosen, free,  
Brings her own prompt reward to thee ;—  
'Tis easy; *then*, my soul to raise  
The grateful song of heavenly PRAISE.

But, worn and languid, day and night,  
To see the same unchanging sight,  
To feel the rising morn can bring  
Nor health, nor ease, upon its wing,

Nor form of beauty can create,  
The languid sense to renovate ;  
To look within, and feel the mind  
Full charged with blessings for mankind ;  
Then gazing round this little room,  
To whisper, "This must be thy doom ;  
Here must thou struggle ; here, alone,  
Repress tired nature's rising moan :"  
O then, my soul, how hard to raise,  
In such an hour, the song of PRAISE.

To look on all this scene of tears,  
Of doubts, of wishes, hopes, and fears,  
As some preluding strain that tries  
Our discords and our harmonies ;  
To think how many a jarring string  
The Master-hand in tune may bring ;  
How, "finely-touched," the soul of pride  
May sink, subdued and rectified ;  
How, taught its inmost self to know,  
May bless the hand which gave the blow—  
Each root of bitterness removed,  
Each plant of heavenly grace improved ;—  
Instructed thus, who would not raise  
To Heaven his song of cheerful PRAISE ?

To feel declining, day by day,  
Each harsher murmur die away,  
And secret springs of joy arise,  
To lighten up the weary eyes ;  
A hand invisible to feel,  
Wounding, with kind design to heal,



In every bitter draught to think  
Of Him, who learned that cup to drink ;  
Again and oft again to look  
In rapture on that blessed Book,  
Whose soothing words proclaim to thee  
That, "as thy day thy strength shall be :"  
Then, with changed heart, and stedfast mind,  
High Heaven before, and earth behind,  
Thy path of pain again to tread  
Till earth receives thy wearied head—  
O blessed lot ! who would not raise,  
In life or death, the song of PRAISE ?

There should be no greater comfort to Christian persons than to be made like unto Christ, by suffering patiently adversities, troubles, and sicknesses.

*"Hicks' Devotions."*

'TIS not for us and our proud hearts,  
O mighty Lord, to choose our parts,  
But act well what Thou giv'st ;  
'Tis not in our weak power to make  
One step o' th' way we undertake,  
Unless Thou us reliev'st.

What Thou hast given Thou canst take,  
And, when Thou wilt, new gifts can make,  
All flows from Thee alone :  
When Thou didst give it, it was Thine ;  
When Thou retook'st it, 'twas not mine :  
Thy will in all be done.

It might perhaps too pleasant prove,  
Too much attractive of my love,  
And make me less love Thee :  
Some things there are, Thy Scriptures say,  
And Reason proves, that Heaven and they  
Do seldom well agree.

Lord, let me then sit calmly down,  
And rest contented with my own,  
This is what Thou allow'st.  
Keep Thou my mind serene and free,  
Often to think of Heaven and Thee,  
And what Thou there bestow'st.

There let me have my portion, Lord ;  
There all my losses be restored,  
No matter what falls here.  
Is't not enough that we shall sing  
And love for ever our blest King,  
Whose goodness brought us there ?

Great God, as Thou art One, may we  
With one another all agree,  
And in Thy praise conspire :  
May men and angels join and sing  
Eternal hymns to Thee their King,  
And make up all one choir.

Amen.

There should be no greater comfort to Christian persons, than to be made like unto Christ, by suffering patiently adversities, troubles, and sicknesses.

MONDAY BEFORE EASTER.

(PART.)

*J. Keble.*

THERE are who sigh that no fond heart is theirs,  
None loves them best—O vain and selfish  
sigh!

Out of the bosom of His love He spares—

The Father spares the Son, for thee to die.  
For thee He died—for thee He lives again :  
O'er thee He watches in His boundless reign.

Thou art as much His care, as if beside

Nor man nor angel lived in Heaven or earth :  
Thus sunbeams pour alike their glorious tide  
To light up worlds, or wake an insect's mirth :  
They shine and shine with unexhausted store—  
Thou art thy Saviour's darling—seek no more.

On thee and thine, thy warfare and thine end,  
Even in His hour of agony He thought,

When, ere the final pang His soul should rend,  
The ransom'd spirits one by one were brought  
To his mind's eye—two silent nights and days,  
In calmness for His far-seen hour He stays.

Ye vaulted cells where martyr'd seers of old  
Far in the rocky walls of Sion sleep,  
Green terraces and arched fountains cold,  
Where lies the cypress shade so still and deep,  
Dear sacred haunts of glory and of woe,  
Help us, one hour, to trace His musings high and  
low :

One heart-ennobling hour ! It may not be :  
Th' unearthly thoughts have pass'd from earth  
away,  
And fast as evening sunbeams from the sea  
Thy footsteps all in Sion's deep decay  
Were blotted from the holy ground : yet dear  
Is every stone of hers ; for Thou wast surely here.

There is a spot within this sacred dale  
That felt Thee kneeling—touch'd Thy prostrate  
brow :  
One angel knows it. O might prayer avail  
To win that knowledge ! sure each holy vow  
Less quickly from th' unstable soul would fade,  
Offer'd where CHRIST in agony was laid.

Might tears of ours once mingle with the blood  
That from His aching brow by moonlight fell,  
Over the mournful joy our thoughts would brood,  
Till they had framed within a guardian spell  
To chase repining fancies, as they rise,  
Like birds of evil wing, to mar our sacrifice.

So dreams the heart self-flattering, fondly dreams;—  
Else wherefore, when the bitter waves o'erflow,  
Miss we the light, Gethsemane, that streams  
From thy dear name, where in His page of woe  
It shines, a pale kind star in winter's sky?  
Who vainly reads it there, in vain had seen Him  
die.

There should be no greater comfort to Christian persons,  
than to be made like unto Christ, by suffering patiently ad-  
versities, troubles, and sicknesses.

*E. L. M.*

COME, Tribulation, come ! let not this heart,  
Enlightened from above,  
Feel at thy near approach one painful smart,  
Thou gift of dying love !  
In sable garments drest,  
I own thee, dear bequest<sup>1</sup>  
Of Him who sojourned here, as sorrow's constant  
guest.

Come, Tribulation, come ! thou plaintive Dove,  
Whose sweet unearthly note  
First warbled on my ear  
The heavenly message dear !  
And thou didst bear me down  
That plant of great renown,<sup>2</sup>  
Which shall my title prove to my celestial crown.

<sup>1</sup> John xvi. 33.

<sup>2</sup> Ezek. xxxiv. 29.

Come, Tribulation, come ! 'tis not in light  
A Saviour's face I see ;  
Cherubic hosts alone can dare that sight,  
Or the Beloved Three.<sup>1</sup>  
'Tis when Thy shadowy form  
Broods in the o'erhanging storm,  
That tints of heavenly hue  
Amidst the landscape dark, I joy to view.

Come, Tribulation, come ! still on my way  
Attendant thou shalt be ;  
Till in the bright ethereal ray  
I feel no need of thee ;  
Then on a Saviour's breast  
For ever shall I rest,  
In His own image found, and with His glory blest !

*He Himself went not up to joy, but first He suffered pain :  
He entered not into His glory before He was crucified.*

ST. LUKE XXII. 42.

*" Child's Christian Year."*

NOT in Thine hours of conflict, Lord ;  
Not when the tempting fiend was nigh ;  
Nor when that bitter cup was poured,  
Thy garden agony ;—

<sup>1</sup> Matt. xvii. 12.

Not then, when uttermost Thy need  
Seemed light across Thy soul to break,  
No seraph form was seen to speed,  
No voice of comfort spake :  
Till by Thine own revealed word,<sup>1</sup>  
The victory o'er the fiend was won ;—  
Till the sweet mournful cry was heard,<sup>2</sup>  
“ Thy will, not mine, be done !”

Then to the desert sped the blest,<sup>3</sup>  
And food, and peace, and joy conveyed ;—  
Then one, more favoured than the rest,<sup>4</sup>  
Glanced to the olive shade.  
Lord ! bring those precious moments back,  
When fainting, against sin we strain ;  
Or in Thy counsels fail to track  
Aught but the present pain.  
In darkness help us to contend ;  
In darkness yield to Thee our will ;  
And true hearts, faithful to the end,  
Cheer by Thine angels still !

<sup>1</sup> Matt. iv. 10.

<sup>3</sup> Matt. iv. 11.

<sup>2</sup> Luke xxii. 42.

<sup>4</sup> Luke xxii. 43.

He entered not into His glory before He was crucified.

EASTER DAY.

I.

THE Son of David bowed to die,  
For man's transgression stricken ;  
The Father's arm of power was nigh  
The Son of God to quicken :  
Praise Him that He died for men !  
Praise Him that He rose again !

II.

Death seemed all conquering when he bound  
The Lord of life in prison ;  
The might of death was no where found  
When Christ again was risen ;  
Wherefore praise Him night and day,  
Him who took death's sting away !

III.

His saints with Him must bow to death,  
With Him are raised in spirit ;  
With Him they dwell above by faith,  
Accepted through His merit :  
Who o'er death would victory win,  
Live to Christ and die to sin.



## IV.

Death may awhile his victims slay,  
Though of his terrors minished;  
But he shall perish in the day<sup>1</sup>  
When God His wars has finished:  
Heaven and earth resound the strain,  
Death by Jesus Christ is slain!

Our way to eternal joy is to suffer here with Christ;

## PATIENCE IN AFFLICTION.

*Emily Taylor.*

**M**OURNER in Zion! do not weep:  
The Lord thou lov'st may long delay;  
Yet still thy patient vigils keep;  
That soothing voice shall all repay.

O weep no more! thy God shall hear:  
From dwellings of adversity  
Thine humble cry shall reach His ear,  
And soon His voice shall answer thee.

And though His hand to thee may deal  
The bitter bread of earthly woe,  
And though across thy path may steal  
The waves of sorrow, sad and slow,

A time shall come, when, O how sweet—  
A voice, a heavenly voice, shall say ;  
“This is the pathway for thy feet ;  
Turn hither, turn, no more to stray.”

And He shall give thee songs of cheer,  
And O how blest thy heart shall be !  
Mourner in Zion, dry the tear,  
The Lord thy God shall comfort thee.

Our way to eternal joy is to suffer here with Christ ;

WEDNESDAY BEFORE EASTER.

ST. LUKE. xxii. 42.

*J. Keble.*

O LORD my God, do Thou Thy holy will—  
I will lie still—  
I will not stir, lest I forsake Thine arm,  
And break the charm  
Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast,  
In perfect rest.

Wild Fancy, peace ! thou must not me beguile  
    With thy false smile ;  
I know thy flatteries and thy cheating ways ;  
    Be silent, Praise,  
Blind guide with siren voice, and blinding all  
    That hear thy call.

Come, Self-devotion, high and pure,  
Thoughts that in thankfulness endure,  
Though dearest hopes are faithless found,  
And dearest hearts are bursting round.  
Come, Resignation, spirit meek,  
And let me kiss thy placid cheek,  
And read in thy pale eye serene  
Their blessing, who by faith can wean  
Their hearts from sense, and learn to love  
God only, and the joys above.

They say, who know the life divine,  
And upward gaze with eagle eyne,  
That by each golden crown on high,  
Rich with celestial jewelry,  
Which for our Lord's redeem'd is set,  
There hangs a radiant coronet,  
All gemm'd with pure and living light,  
Too dazzling for a sinner's sight,  
Prepar'd for virgin souls, and them  
Who seek the martyr's diadem.

Nor deem, who to that bliss aspire,  
Must win their way through blood and fire.

The writhings of a wounded heart  
Are fiercer than a foeman's dart.  
Oft in Life's stillest shade reclining,  
In Desolation unrepining,  
Without a hope on earth to find  
A mirror in an answering mind,  
Meek souls there are, who little dream  
Their daily strife an Angel's theme,  
Or that the rod they take so calm,  
Shall prove in Heaven a martyr's palm.

And there are souls that seem to dwell  
Above this earth—so rich a spell  
Floats round their steps, where'er they move,  
From hopes fulfilled, and mutual love.  
Such, if on high their thoughts are set,  
Nor in the stream the source forget,  
If prompt to quit the bliss they know,  
Following the Lamb where'er He go,  
By purest pleasures unbeguiled  
To idolize or wife or child ;  
Such wedded souls our God shall own  
For faultless virgins round His throne.

Thus every where we find our suffering God,  
And where He trod  
May set our steps : the Cross on Calvary  
Uplifted high  
Beams on the martyr host, a beacon light  
In open fight.

To the still wrestlings of the lonely heart  
    He doth impart  
The virtue of His midnight agony,  
    When none was nigh,  
Save God and one good angel, to assuage  
    The tempest's rage.

Mortal ! if life smile on thee, and thou find  
    All to thy mind,  
Think, who did once from Heaven to Hell descend  
    Thee to befriend :  
So shalt thou dare forego, at His dear call,  
    Thy best, thine all.

“ O Father ! not my will, but Thine be done ”—  
    So spake the Son.  
Be this our charm, mellowing Earth's ruder noise  
    Of griefs and joys ;  
That we may cling for ever to Thy breast  
    In perfect rest !

Our way to eternal joy is to suffer here with Christ ;

WHO IS ALONE ?

*“ Gems of Sacred Poetry.”*

HOW heavily the path of life  
    Is trod by him who walks alone ;  
Who hears not, on his dreary way,  
    Affection's sweet and cheering tone ;

Alone, although his heart should bound  
With love to all things great and fair,  
They love not him,—there is not one  
His sorrow or his joy to share.

The ancient stars look coldly down  
On man, the creature of a day ;  
They lived before him, and live on  
Till his remembrance pass away.  
The mountain lifts its hoary head,  
Nor to his homage deigns reply ;  
The stormy billows bear him forth,  
Regardless which—to live or die.

The floweret blooms unseen by him,  
Unmindful of his warmest praise ;  
And if it fades, seeks not his hand  
Its drooping loveliness to raise.  
The brute creation own his power,  
And grateful serve him, tho' in fear ;  
Yet cannot sympathize with man,  
For if he weeps, they shed no tear.

Alone,—though in the busy town,  
Where hundreds hurry to and fro—  
If there is none who for his sake  
A selfish pleasure would forego ;  
And O how lonely among those  
Who have not skill to read his heart,  
When first he learns how summer friends  
At sight of wintry storms depart.

My Saviour ! and didst Thou too feel  
How sad it is to be alone,  
Deserted in the adverse hour  
By those who most Thy love had known ?  
The gloomy path, though distant, still  
Was ever present to Thy view ;  
O how couldst Thou, foreseeing it,  
For us that painful course pursue ?

Forsaken by Thy nearest friends,  
Surrounded by malicious foes,—  
No kindly voice encouraged Thee,  
When the loud shout of scorn uprose.  
Yet there was calm within Thy soul,  
Nor stoic pride that calmness kept,  
Nor godhead unapproached by woe—  
Like man Thou hadst both loved and wept.

Thou wert not then alone, for God  
Sustained Thee by His mighty power ;  
His arm most felt, His care most seen,  
When needed most in saddest hour ;  
None else could comfort, none else knew,  
How dreadful was the curse of sin ;  
He who controlled the storm without,  
Could gently whisper peace within.

Who is alone, if God be nigh ?  
Who shall repine at loss of friends,  
While he has One of boundless power,  
Whose constant kindness never ends ?

Whose presence felt, enhances joy,  
Whose love can stop each flowing tear,  
And cause upon the darkest cloud  
The pledge of mercy to appear.

Our door to enter into eternal life is gladly to die with  
Christ;

LIFE THROUGH DEATH.

*R. C. Trench.*

A DEWDROP falling on the wild sea wave,  
Exclaimed in fear—"I perish in this grave;"  
But in a shell received, that drop of dew  
Unto a pearl of marvellous beauty grew;  
And, happy now, the grace did magnify  
Which thrust it forth—as it had feared, to die;—  
Until again, "I perish quite," it said,  
Torn by rude diver from its ocean bed:  
O unbelieving!—so it came to gleam  
Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem.



That we may rise again from death, and dwell with Him  
in everlasting life.

DEATH.

*Henry Vaughan.*

THOUGH since thy first sad entrance by  
Just Abel's blood,  
'Tis now six thousand years well-nigh,  
And still thy sov'rainty holds good ;  
Yet by none art thou understood.

We talk and name thee with much ease  
As a tryed thing,  
And every one can slight his lease,  
As if it ended in a Spring,  
Which shades and bowers doth rent-free bring.

To thy dark land these heedless go :  
But there was ONE,  
Who searched it quite through, to and fro,  
And then, returning like the Sun,  
Discovered all that there is done.

And since His death we throughly see  
All thy dark way ;  
Thy shades but thin and narrow be,  
Which His first looks will quickly fray :  
Mists make but triumphs for the day.

As harmless violets, which give  
    Their virtues here  
For salves and syrups, while they live,  
    Do after calmly disappear,  
And neither grieve, repine, nor fear,—

So die His servants ; and as sure  
    Shall they revive.  
Then let not dust your eyes obscure,  
    But lift them up, where still alive,  
Though fled from you, their spirits hie.

*Now, therefore, taking your sickness, which is thus  
    profitable for you, patiently.*

*Wilberforce.*

WITHIN this leaf, to every eye  
    So little worth, doth hidden lie  
Most rare and subtle fragrancy.

Wouldst thou its secret strength unbind ?  
Crush it, and thou shalt perfume find  
Sweet as Arabia's spicy wind.

In this dull stone, so poor, and bare  
Of shape or lustre, patient care  
Will find for thee a jewel rare :

But first must skilful hands essay  
With file and flint to clear away  
The film which hides its fire from day.

This leaf? this stone? It is thy heart :  
It must be crushed by pain and smart,  
It must be cleansed by sorrow's art—

Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet,  
Ere it will shine, a jewel meet  
To lay before thy dear Lord's feet.

I require you to examine yourself and your estate, both  
toward God and man ;

THE METHOD.

*George Herbert.*

POOR heart, lament !  
For since thy God refuseth still,  
There is some rub, some discontent,  
Which cools his will.

Thy Father *could*  
Quickly effect what thou dost move,  
For HE is POWER : and sure He *would*,  
For He is LOVE.

Go, search this thing :  
Tumble thy breast, and turn thy book.  
If thou hadst lost a glove, or ring,  
Wouldst thou not look ?

What do I see  
Written above there ?—" Yesterday  
I did behave me carelessly,  
When I did pray."

And should God's ear  
To such indifferents chained be,  
Who do not their own motions hear ?  
Is God less free ?

But stay, what's there ?—  
"Late when I would have something done,  
I had a motion to forbear ;  
Yet I went on."

And should God's ear,  
Which needs not man, be tied to those  
Who hear not Him, but quickly hear  
His utter foes ?

Then once more pray :  
Down with thy knees, up with thy voice ;  
Seek pardon first ; and God will say—  
"Glad heart, rejoice !"

Remember the profession which you made unto God in  
your Baptism.

MY BAPTISMAL BIRTH-DAY.

*S. T. Coleridge.*

**G**OD'S child in Christ adopted,—Christ my  
all,—  
What that earth boasts were not lost cheaply, rather  
Than forfeit that blest name, by which I call  
The Holy One, the Almighty God, my Father?  
Father! in Christ we live, and Christ in Thee;  
Eternal Thou, and everlasting we.  
The heir of heaven, henceforth I fear not death;  
In Christ I live, in Christ I draw the breath  
Of the true life; let then earth, sea, and sky  
Make war against me! on my front I show  
Their mighty Master's seal. In vain they try  
To end my life, that can but end its woe.  
Is that a death-bed where a Christian lies?  
Yes; but not his—'tis Death itself there dies.

Remember the profession which you made unto God in  
your Baptism.

RULES AND LESSONS.

(PART.)

*Henry Vaughan.*

WHEN first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul  
leave

To do the like ; our bodies but forerun  
The spirit's duty. True hearts spread and heave  
Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun.  
Give Him thy first thoughts then ; so shalt thou  
keep  
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up ; prayer should  
Dawn with the day ; there are set, awful hours  
'Twixt heaven and us ; the manna was not good  
After sun-rising ; far-day sullies flowers.  
Rise to prevent the sun ; sleep doth sins glut,  
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures : note the hush  
And whispers amongst *them*. There's not a spring  
Or leaf but hath his morning hymn ; each bush  
And oak doth know I AM.—Canst thou not sing?

O leave thy cares and follies ! go this way,  
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world ; let Him not go,  
Until thou hast a blessing ; then resign  
The whole unto Him ; and remember who  
Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun did shine.  
Pour oil upon the stones ;<sup>1</sup> weep for thy sin ;  
Then journey on, and have an eye to heav'n.

Mornings are mysteries : the first world's youth,  
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,  
Shroud in their births : the crown of life, light,  
truth,  
Is styl'd their star,<sup>2</sup> the stone, and hidden food.  
Three blessings wait upon them, two of which  
Should move ; they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,  
Keep thou thy temper ; mix not with each clay ;  
Despatch necessities ; life hath a load  
Which must be carried on, and safely may.  
Yet keep those cares *without* thee ; let the heart  
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

<sup>1</sup> Gen. xxviii. 18.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. ii. 28.

There is an account to be given unto the righteous Judge,  
by whom all must be judged.

## DIES IRÆ.

*R. C. Trench.*

O THAT day, that day of ire,  
Told of Prophet, when in fire  
Shall a world dissolved expire !

O what terror shall be then,  
When the Judge shall come again,  
Strictly searching deeds of men :

When a trump of awful tone,  
Thro' the caves sepulchral blown,  
Summons all before the throne.

What amazement shall o'ertake  
Nature, when the dead shall wake,  
Answer to the Judge to make.

Open then the book shall lie,  
All o'erwrit for every eye  
With a world's iniquity.

When the Judge His place has ta'en,  
All things hid shall be made plain,  
Nothing unavenged remain.

What then, wretched ! shall I speak ?  
Or what intercessor seek,  
When the just man's cause is weak ?



Jesus, Lord, remember, pray,  
I the cause was of Thy way ;  
Do not lose me on that day.

King of awful majesty,  
Who the saved dost freely free,  
Fount of mercy, pity me.

Tired Thou satest, seeking me—  
Crucified, to set me free ;  
Let such pain not fruitless be.

Terrible Avenger, make  
Of Thy mercy me partake,  
Ere that day of vengeance wake.

As a criminal I groan,  
Blushing deep my fault I own :  
Grace be to a suppliant shown.

Thou who Mary didst forgive,  
And who bad'st the robber live,  
Hope to me dost also give.

Tho' my prayer unworthy be,  
Yet O set me graciously  
From the fire eternal free.

'Mid Thy sheep my place command,  
From the goats far off to stand ;  
Set me, Lord, at Thy right hand.

And when them who scorned Thee here  
Thou hast judged to doom severe,  
Bid me with Thy saved draw near.

Lying low before Thy throne,  
Crushed my heart in dust, I groan ;  
Grace be to a suppliant shown.

After this life there is an account to be given unto the  
righteous Judge, by whom all must be judged.

THE DAWNING.

*Henry Vaughan.*

AH! what time wilt Thou come? when shall  
that crie  
"The Bridegroom's coming!" fill the sky?  
Shall it in the evening run,  
When our words and works are done?  
Or will Thy all-surprising light  
Break at midnight,  
When either sleep, or some dark pleasure  
Possesseth mad man without measure?  
Or shall these early fragrant hours  
Unlock Thy bowers;  
And with their blush of light descry  
Thy locks crown'd with Eternitie?  
Indeed it is the only time  
That with Thy glory doth best chime;  
All now are stirring, every field  
Full hymns doth yield;  
The whole Creation shakes off night,  
And for Thy shadow looks the light:

Stars now vanish without number,  
Sleepie planets set and slumber,  
The pursie clouds disband and scatter,  
All expect some sudden matter ;  
Not one beam triumphs, but from far  
That Morning Star.

O, at what time soever Thou,  
Unknown to us, the heavens wilt bow,  
And, with Thy angels in the van,  
Descend to judge poor careless man,  
Grant I may not like puddle lie  
In a corrupt securitie,  
Where, if a traveller water crave,  
He finds it dead, and in a grave ;  
But, as this restless, vocal spring  
All day and night doth run, and sing,  
And though here born, yet is acquainted  
Elsewhere, and flowing keeps untainted ;  
So let me, all my busie age,  
In Thy free services engage ;  
And though (while here) of force I must  
Have commerce sometimes with poor dust,  
And in my flesh, though vile and low,  
As this doth in her channel, flow,  
Yet let my course, my aim, my love,  
And chief acquaintance be above ;  
So when that day and hour shall come,  
In which Thyself wilt be the sun,  
Thou'lt find me dressed and on my way,  
Watching the break of Thy great day.

## THE CREED.

**Dost thou believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth?**

**And in Jesus Christ His only-begotten Son our Lord? And that He was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; that He suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; that He went down into hell, and also did rise again the third day; that He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; and from thence shall come again at the end of the world, to judge the quick and the dead?**

**And dost thou believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholick Church; the Communion of Saints; the Remission of sins; the Resurrection of the flesh; and everlasting life after death?**

**Answer. All this I stedfastly believe.**

Doest thou believe in God the Father Almighty ?

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

*R. C. Trench.*

I SAY to thee—do thou repeat  
To the first man thou mayest meet  
In lane, highway, or open street,—  
That he and we and all men move  
Under a canopy of love,  
As broad as the blue sky above ;  
That doubt and trouble, fear and pain  
And anguish, all are shadows vain,  
That death itself shall not remain ;  
That weary deserts we may tread,  
A dreary labyrinth may thread,  
Through dark ways underground be led ;  
Yet, if we will one Guide obey,  
The dreariest path, the darkest way  
Shall issue out in heavenly day ;  
And we, on divers shores now cast,  
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,  
All in our Father's house at last.  
And ere thou leave him, say thou this,  
Yet one word more,—They only miss  
The winning of that final bliss,

Who will not count it true, that Love,  
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,  
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know,—  
That to believe these things are so,  
This firm faith never to forego,

Despite of all that seems at strife  
With blessing, all with curses rife,  
That *this* is blessing, *this* is life.

Dost thou believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of  
heaven and earth ?

#### THE VOYAGE OF EARTH.

J. S.

THIS grey round world, so full of life,  
Of hate and love, and calm and strife,  
Still ship-like on for ages fares,  
And holds its course so smooth and true,  
For all the madness of the crew,—  
It must have better rule than theirs.

J. S.

IS life a sea? O, no, 'tis steadier far.  
Is life a land? O, no, too fast 'tis driven.  
It is, beneath its guiding heavenly Star,  
An island floating towards the coast of Heaven.

And in Jesus Christ his only-begotten Son our Lord?

JESUS MY ALL.

*J. Newton.*

WHY should I fear the darkest hour,  
Or tremble at the tempest's power?  
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.

Though hot the fight, why quit the field,  
Why must I either flee or yield,  
Since Jesus is my mighty shield?

When creature comforts fade and die,  
Worldlings may weep, but why should I?  
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.

Though all the flocks and herds were dead,  
My soul a famine need not dread,  
For Jesus is my living bread.

I know not what may soon betide,  
Nor how my wants may be supplied;  
But Jesus knows, and will provide.

Though sin would fill me with distress,  
The throne of grace I dare address,  
For Jesus is my righteousness.

Though faint my prayers and cold my love,  
My steadfast hope shall not remove  
While Jesus intercedes above.

Against me earth and hell combine,  
But on my side is power divine ;  
Jesus is all, and He is mine.

And that He was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary ; that He suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried : that He went down into hell, and also did rise again the third day : that He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty ;

## LITANY.

*Sir R. Grant.*

## I.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee  
Low we bow the adoring knee ;  
When, repentant, to the skies  
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes :  
O by all Thy pains and woe  
Suffered once for man below,  
Bending from Thy throne on high,  
Hear our solemn Litany !

## II.

By Thy helpless infant years,  
By Thy life of want and tears,  
By Thy days of sore distress  
In the savage wilderness,  
By the dread mysterious hour  
Of th' insulting tempter's power ;  
Turn, O turn a favouring eye,  
Hear our solemn Litany !





## III.

By the sacred griefs that wept  
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;  
By the boding tears that flowed  
Over Salem's loved abode ;  
By the anguished sigh that told  
Treachery lurked within Thy fold ;  
From Thy seat above the sky,  
Hear our solemn Litany !

## IV.

By Thine hour of dire despair,  
By Thine agony of prayer,  
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,  
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,  
By the gloom that veiled the skies  
O'er the dreadful sacrifice ;  
Listen to our humble cry,  
Hear our solemn Litany !

## V.

By Thy deep expiring groan,  
By the sad sepulchral stone,  
By the vault whose dark abode  
Held in vain the rising God :  
O from Earth to Heaven restored,  
Mighty, reascended Lord,  
Listen, listen to the cry  
Of our solemn Litany !

And also did rise again the third day ; that He ascended  
into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father  
Almighty ;

## THE DAWNING.

(PART.)

*George Herbert.*

**A**WAKE, sad heart, whom sorrow ever drowns ;  
Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth ;  
Unfold thy forehead, gather'd into frowns :  
Thy Saviour comes, and with Him mirth :

Awake, awake !

And with a thankful heart His comforts take.  
But thou dost still lament, and pine, and cry ;  
And feel His death, but not His victory.

Arise, sad heart ; if thou dost not withstand,  
Christ's resurrection thine may be.

Do not by hanging down, break from the hand,  
Which, as it riseth, raiseth thee.

Arise, arise !

And from thence shall come again at the end of the world,  
to judge the quick and the dead ?

## THE THRONE.

*Henry Vaughan.*

**W**HEN with these eyes, clos'd now by Thee,  
But then restored,  
The great and white Throne I shall see  
Of my dread Lord :

And lowly kneeling, (for the most  
Stiff then must kneel,)  
Shall look on Him, at whose high cost  
(Unseen) such joys I feel,—  
Whatever arguments or skill  
Wise heads shall use,  
Tears only and my blushes still  
I will produce.  
And should those speechless beggars fail,  
Which oft have won ;  
Then, taught by Thee, I will prevail,  
And say ; “ Thy will be done !”

And from thence shall come again at the end of the world,  
to judge the quick and the dead ?

“ IT IS I : BE NOT AFRAID.”

*H. F. Lyte.*

**L** OUD was the wind, and wild the tide ;  
The ship her course delayed :  
The Lord came to their help, and cried,  
“ ’Tis I : be not afraid.”

Who walks the waves in wondrous guise,  
By Nature’s laws unstaid ?  
“ ’Tis I,” a well-known voice replies ;  
“ ’Tis I : be not afraid.”

He mounts the deck : down lulls the sea ;  
The tempest is allayed ;  
The prostrate crew adore ; and He  
Exclaims, " Be not afraid."

Thus, when the storm of life is high,  
Come, Saviour, to my aid !  
Come, when no other help is nigh,  
And say, " Be not afraid."

Speak, and my griefs no more are heard ;  
Speak, and my fears are laid ;  
Speak, and my soul shall bless the word,  
" 'Tis I : be not afraid."

When on the bed of death I lie,  
And stretch my hands for aid,  
Stand Thou before my glazing eye,  
And say—" Be not afraid."

Before Thy judgment-seat above  
When nature sinks dismayed,  
O cheer me with a word of love—  
" 'Tis I : be not afraid."

Worlds may around to wreck be driven,  
If then I hear't said,  
By Him who rules through earth and Heaven,  
" 'Tis I : be not afraid."

And dost thou believe in the Holy Ghost ;

*The Liturgy.*

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,  
And lighten with celestial fire.  
Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart.  
Thy blessed unction from above,  
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

Enable with perpetual light  
The dulness of our blinded sight.  
Anoint, and cheer our soilèd face  
With the abundance of Thy grace.  
Keep far our foes, give peace at home :  
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
And Thee, of both, to be but One.  
That, through the ages all along,  
This may be our endless song ;  
Praise to Thy eternal merit,  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

## The Holy Catholic Church ; the Communion of Saints ;

## ALL SAINTS.

*S. Wilberforce.*

IT was upon the morning of All Saints—  
A glorious autumn morn :—The crimson sun  
With rays aslant lit up a silver mist  
Which had crept on all night—as some great host—  
Through every lowland valley, but was now  
Melting in softest light, like childhood's dream.  
Above me the clear sky showed almost dark,  
So deep its blue beside the gorgeous east.  
No cloud had stained it yet, but here and there  
A snowy vapour, severed from the rest,  
Hung high above, as though the visible breath  
Of passing Angels.—I had sat me down  
Upon a high hill side, to see day break,  
And think upon All Saints. I know not now  
Whether I slept—but so it seemed to me,  
My tranced senses sunk o'erpowered before  
The glorious presence of an Holy One,  
A watcher from on high, who thus to me,  
Reading my thoughts, spake graciously :—"Thou  
wouldst  
Behold this goodly army of All Saints,  
And scan their noble bearing : watch awhile  
With eye intent, and I will pass before thee  
The sight for which thou cravest."

Fixed I sat  
With earnest gaze upon the glowing sky  
Where, as I deemed, with all its glory wreathed,  
The pageant I should see of passing hosts  
Bright with celestial radiance.—Nought I saw ;  
Only with tottering steps before mine eyes  
A meek old man moved by, who feebly helped  
The utter weariness of aged feet  
With a poor staff,—and then on that hill side  
A woman passed, belike a new-made widow,  
With her deep weeds—and on her sunken cheek  
Sat the pale hue of nights unrestful, spent  
In heart-sick watching by some bed of pain :—  
Yet on her brow, which the sun's rays now lighted,  
Methought there dwelt a glow, brighter than his,  
Of peace and holy calm. And so she passed.  
Nor saw I more—save that a little child,  
Of brightest childlike gentleness, passed by,  
Lisping his morning song of infant praise  
With a half inward melody ; as though  
He were too happy for this creeping earth.  
—Yet I sat watching : till upon my ear  
Broke that same heavenly voice—“ What wouldst  
thou more,  
Or why this empty gaze ? Already thou  
In those that passed thee by hast seen ALL SAINTS.”

*The Communion of Saints ;*

PSALM LXXVIII. 39.

“FOR HE REMEMBERED THAT THEY WERE BUT FLESH ;  
A WIND THAT PASSETH AWAY, AND COMETH NOT AGAIN.”

*T. V. Fosbery.*

SWIFT o'er the desert plains the wild wind  
sweeps,

Swift o'er the sea, that heaves beneath its power ;  
And steady flight o'er fairest scenes it keeps,

Tho' perfume breathes from every sunlit bower :  
Earth knows no charm its onward course to stay ;  
It takes no rest, it passeth on, alway.

Lord, are we likened to this fleeting wind?—

To quit this earthly life we do not grieve,  
But must the yearning spirit leave behind

The dear and true whom it is death to leave?  
Sure our strong hearts' deep love can never fail  
As part and break the clouds before the gale.

Only the mortal frame can fade and die ;

All that is worthy of a spirit's love  
Shall cleave to us throughout eternity,

Shall dwell with us in far bright worlds above :  
Here if pains, partings, sorrows, cares molest—  
Swift flight is ours,—before us lies our rest.



Here we are severed far ; Thou seest, Lord,  
How each in lonely course is onward driven ;—  
Thy righteousness, Thy love, Thy strength afford,  
So shalt Thou gather us to meet in Heaven ;  
And us, Thy wandering *winds*, Thou then shalt own,  
Hush'd into still pure *air*, around Thy throne.

*The Communion of Saints ;*

*Henry Vaughan.*

J OY of my Life while left me here,  
And still my Love !  
How in thine absence thou dost steere  
Me from above !  
A life well led  
This truth commends—  
With quick or dead  
It never ends.

Stars are of mighty use : the night  
Is dark, and long ;  
The road foul, and where *one* goes right  
Six may go wrong.  
One twinkling ray  
Shot o'er some cloud,  
May cleare much way  
And guide a crowd.

God's saints are shining lights : who stays  
Here long, must passe  
O'er dark hills, swift streames, and steep ways  
As smooth as glasse ;  
But these all night  
Like candles, shed  
Theire beams, and light  
Us into bed.

They are indeed our Pillar-fires,  
Seen as we go ;  
They are that Citie's shining spires  
We travel to :  
A sword-like gleame  
Kept man for sin  
First *out* ;—This beame  
Will guide him *in*.

*The Communion of Saints ;*

COMMUNION WITH THE DEPARTED.

*E. M.*

FOR some soothing voice  
To dissipate th' impending gloom ! to  
breathe  
The balmy fragrance of a world, where love  
In life unfading dwells ! This wintry earth

Replete with wild decay, forbids again  
Rest in vicissitude,—the sacred power  
Of friendship, is spell-bound, and the fair hopes  
That lived upon her smile, are vanished all.  
Enwrapt in woe, my solitary soul  
O'er the sad records of departed joy  
Sits brooding; and "the song of other days"  
Seems but the echo of a distant knell.  
Say then, whence flows this gentle sympathy,  
Which, 'mid the burden of desponding thought,  
Makes known its influence? O not of earth,  
Sweet solace, art thou born! nor dost thou speak  
In tones of human tenderness: no word  
Finds utterance from thee, yet the rapt soul  
Listens, as if celestial harmony  
Her powers enchained,—as if the paradise  
Of blessèd ones unfolded to her view,  
Inviting entrance. Thou comest to reveal  
That we are not alone, that those we lost  
Erewhile from earth's communion, watch us still  
With tender assiduity, and soothe  
The grief that spirits freed no longer share.  
Ah, why then veiled the forms so dearly loved  
In clouds impassable? Why mark we not  
With every welcome proof of tenderness  
The hand bestowing, and the gentle voice  
Which brings unknown the message of relief?  
May we not recognise and joy to claim  
Kindred with spirits who delight to share  
Our guardianship with angel ministers?—  
O rarely in this weary pilgrimage

Is such a grant bestowed ! They still are ours,  
The brethren, sisters, friends ; and in the day  
Of overwhelming woe, or dire assault,  
Some gentle intimation speaks them nigh  
In very presence ; to some favoured few  
Alone, is e'er vouchsafed the vision which  
Has to the anxious heart brought peace and rest.  
Yet ask we not the same,—it may not please  
Him in whose hand our being's welfare is,  
Thus to dispense His mercy ; 'tis enough  
That they are here, though this dim twilight scene  
Forbids us the delight to realise ;  
And they, rejoicing in the perfectness  
Of glad obedience, seek not to reveal  
Their guardian powers, even to the best beloved.  
And yet (O might we ask !) upon the verge  
Of being—when the failing heart and flesh  
Sustain the mortal conflict, that the veil  
Might by some cherished hand be drawn aside,  
While some sweet smile on which we erst had gazed  
Beamed through the darkness—

Be the hope forgiven !

Thou Saviour, Thou the Guide, we will not turn  
To creature help, but in Thy arms upborne,  
Abundant entrance shall be ministered  
Into the land of everlasting light.

*The Communion of Saints ;*

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

WHEN the hours of day are numbered,  
And the voices of the night  
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful firelight  
Dance upon the parlour wall :

Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door ;  
The belovèd, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more :

He, the young and strong, who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the roadside fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
Who the cross of suffering bore,  
Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
Spake with us on earth no more !

And with them the being beauteous,  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars, so still and saintlike,  
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.

O though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died !

*The Remission of sins ;**" Hymns of the Primitive Church."*

W HILE Thine avenging arrows, Lord,  
    Encompass us around,  
What hand but that which caused the smart  
    Can cure the deadly wound ?

Depart, vain world, for how canst thou  
    Relieve the festering sore ?  
Thy comfort is but vanity,  
    And irritates it more.

We tremble, Lord, beneath Thy rod,  
    But we do not despair ;  
We see the good Physician's hand  
    In all He bids us bear.

But O, so fierce the contest burns,  
    Good Lord, no more delay ;  
O yield not to their deadly foes  
    Thy people for a prey.

Our prayer is heard : our foes depart,  
    And we once more take breath :  
Thy death, O Christ, relieves the soul  
    From all its fears of death.

All praise and glory be ascribed  
To God, who reigns above ;  
Who scourges those whom He receives,  
And chastens them in love.

*The Resurrection of the flesh ; and everlasting life after  
death ?*

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

J. S.

THERE is a world of Death beneath our feet ;  
There is a world of Life above our heads ;  
Here ruins, graves, dry leaves, fallen blossoms meet ;  
There God, in light and air, His glory spreads.

WHERE TO LOOK.

J. S.

BEND not thy light-desiring eyes below ;  
There thy own shadow waits upon thee ever ;  
But raise thy looks to Heaven, and lo !  
The shadeless sun rewards thy weak endeavour.  
Who sees the dark, is dark ; but turn towards the  
light,  
And thou becom'st like that which fills thy sight.



And everlasting life after death ?

ON TIME.

*Milton.*

**F**LY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race,  
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,  
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace ;  
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,  
Which is no more than what is false and vain,  
And merely mortal dross ;  
So little is our loss,  
So little is thy gain.  
For when as each thing bad thou hast entombed,  
And last of all thy greedy self consumed,  
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss  
With an individual kiss ;  
And joy shall overtake us as a flood,  
When every thing that is sincerely good  
And perfectly divine,  
With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine  
About the supreme throne  
Of Him, to whose happy-making sight alone,  
When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb,  
Then, (all this earthly grossness quit,)  
Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit,  
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee,  
O Time.

The Resurrection of the flesh ; and everlasting life after death ?

GOD'S ACRE.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase which calls  
The burial-ground God's Acre ! It is just ;  
It consecrates each grave within its walls,  
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's Acre ! Yes, that blessed name imparts  
Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown  
The seed that they have garnered in their hearts,  
Their bread of life, alas ! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,  
In the sure faith that we shall rise again  
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast  
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,  
In the fair gardens of that second birth ;  
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume  
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod  
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow ;  
This is the field and Acre of our God :  
This is the place where human harvests grow !

Overlasting life after death ?

NOVEMBER.

*H. F. Lyte.*

THE autumn wind is moaning low the requiem  
of the year ;  
The days are growing short again, the fields forlorn  
and sere ;  
The sunny sky is waxing dim, and chill the hazy  
air ;  
And tossing trees before the breeze are turning  
brown and bare.

All nature and her children now prepare for rougher  
days :  
The squirrel makes his winter bed, and hazel hoard  
purveys ;  
The sunny swallow spreads his wings to seek a  
brighter sky ;  
And ~~h~~oding owl, with nightly howl, says cloud and  
storm are nigh.

No more 'tis sweet to walk abroad among the  
evening dew :  
The flowers are fled from every path, with all their  
scents and hues :  
The joyous bird no more is heard, save where his  
slender song  
The robin drops, as meek he hops the withered  
leaves among.

Those withered leaves, that slender song, a solemn  
truth convey,—  
In wisdom's ear they speak aloud of frailty and  
decay :  
They say, that man's appointed year shall have its  
winter too ;  
Shall rise and shine, and then decline, as all around  
him do.

They tell him, all he has on earth, his brightest  
dearest things,  
His loves and friendships, joys and hopes, have all  
their falls and springs :  
A wave upon a moon-lit sea, a leaf before the blast,  
A summer flower, an April hour, that gleams and  
hurries past.

And be it so : I know it well : myself, and all that's  
mine,  
Must roll on with the rolling year, and ripe to  
decline.

I do not shun the solemn truth : to him it is not  
drear  
Whose hopes can rise above the skies, and see a  
Saviour near.  
It only makes him feel with joy, this earth is not  
his home ;  
It sends him on from present ills to brighter hours  
to come :  
It bids him take with thankful heart whate'er his  
God may send,  
Content to go through weal or woe to glory in the  
end.

Then murmur on, ye wintry winds ; remind me of  
my doom :  
Ye lengthened nights, still image forth the darkness  
of the tomb.  
Eternal summer lights the heart where Jesus deigns  
to shine.  
I mourn no loss, I shun no cross, so Thou, O Lord,  
art mine !

The Resurrection of the flesh ; and everlasting life after  
Death ?

RESURRECTION AND IMMORTALITY.

HEBREWS X. 20.

*Henry Vaughan.*

BODY.

I.

OFt have I seen—when that renewing breath  
That binds and loosens death,  
Inspired a quick'ning power through the dead  
Creatures a-bed—  
Some drowsie silk-worm creep  
From that long sleepe,  
And, in weak infant hummings, chime and knell  
About her silent cell ;  
Until at last, full with the vital ray,  
She winged away ;  
And proud with life and sense  
Heaven's rich expense,  
Esteemed (vain thing) of two whole elements  
As mean, and span-extents.  
Shall I then think such Providence will be  
Lesse friend to me ?  
Or that He can endure to be unjust  
Who keeps His covenant even with our dust ?

## SOULE.

## II.

Poore querulous handful, was't for this  
    I taught thee all that is ?  
Unbowel'd Nature, showed thee her recruits,  
    And change of suits ;  
    And how of death we make  
    A mere mistake ?  
For no thing can to nothing fall, but still  
    Incorporates by skill,  
And then returns, and from the wombe of things  
    Such treasure brings  
    As phoenix-like renew'th  
    Both life and youth.  
For a persevering Spirit doth still passe  
    Untainted through this masse  
Which doth resolve, produce, and ripen all  
    That to it fall ;  
    Nor are those births, which we  
    Thus suffering see,  
Destroyed at all ; but when time's restless wave  
    Their substance doth deprave,  
And the more noble Essence finds his house  
    Sickly and loose,  
    He, ever young, doth wing  
    Unto that spring  
And source of spirits, where he takes his lot  
    Till time no more shall rot  
His passive cottage ; which, (though laid aside,)  
    Like some spruce bride

Shall one day rise, and, clothed with shining light  
All pure and bright,  
Re-marry to the soule ; for 'tis most plain  
Thou only fall'st to be refined againe.

## III.

Then I that here saw darkly in a glasse  
But mists and shadows pass,  
And by their own weake shine did search the springs  
And course of things,  
Shall with enlightened rayes  
Pierce all their wayes.  
And, as thou saw'st I in a thought could go  
To Heaven, or Earth below,  
To read some starre, or mineral,—and in state  
There often sate—  
So shalt thou then with me  
(Both winged, and free,)  
Rove in that mighty and eternal light  
Where no rude shade or night  
Shall dare approach us ; we shall no more  
Watch stars, or pore  
Through melancholy clouds, and say—  
“ Would it were day : ”  
One everlasting Sabbath there shall run,  
Without succession, and without a Sun !



The Resurrection of the flesh ; and everlasting life after  
death ?

DEATH.

*George Herbert.*


DEATH, thou wast once an uncouth hideous  
thing,  
Nothing but bones,  
The sad effect of sadder groans ;  
Thy mouth was open, but thou could'st not sing.

For we consider'd thee as at some six  
Or ten years hence,  
After the loss of life and sense,  
Flesh being turn'd to dust, and bones to sticks.

We look'd on this side of thee, shooting short ;  
Where we did find  
The shells of fledg'd souls left behind ;  
Dry dust, which sheds no tears—but may extort.

But since our Saviour's death did put some blood  
Into thy face,  
Thou art grown fair and full of grace,  
Much in request, much sought for as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad  
As at doomsday ;  
When souls shall wear their new array,  
And all thy bones with beauty shall be clad.



Therefore we can go die, as sleep ; and trust  
Half that we have  
Unto an honest faithful grave :  
Making our pillows either down or dust.

*The Resurrection of the flesh ; and everlasting life after  
death ?*

*Henry Vaughan.*

I.

I WALKED the other day (to spend my hour)  
Into a field,  
Where I sometimes had seen the soil to yield  
A gallant flowre ;  
But winter now had ruffled all the bowre  
And curious store,  
I knew there heretofore.

II.

Yet I, whose search loved not to peep and peer  
In th' face of things,  
Thought with myself, there might be other Springs  
Besides this here  
Which, like cold friends, sees us but once a year ;  
And so the flowre  
Might have some other bowre.

## III.

Then taking up what I could nearest spie,  
I digged about  
That place where I had seen him to grow out ;  
And by and bye  
I saw the warm recluse alone to lie  
Where, fresh and green,  
He lived, of us unseen.

## IV.

Many a question intricate and rare  
Did I there strow ;  
But all I could extort was, that he now  
Did there repair  
Such losses as befel him in this air ;  
And would, ere long,  
Come forth most fair and young.

## V.

This past, I threw the clothes quite o'er his head,  
And stung with fear  
Of my own frailty, dropt down many a tear  
Upon his bed :  
Then sighing whispered,—“ *Happy are the dead !  
What peace doth now  
Rock him asleep below !*”

•  
VI.

And yet how few believe such doctrine springs  
    From a poor root,  
Which all the winter sleeps here under foot,  
    And hath no wings  
To raise it to the truth and light of things,  
    But is still trod  
By every wandering clod.

## VII.

O Thou whose Spirit did at first inflame  
    And warm the dead,  
And by a sacred incubation fed  
    With life this frame,  
Which once had neither being, forme, nor name ;  
    Grant I may so  
Thy steps track here below,

## VIII.

That in these masques and shadows I may see  
    Thy sacred way ;  
And by those hid ascents climb to that day  
    Which breaks from Thee,  
Who art in all things, though invisibly.  
    Show me Thy peace,  
Thy mercy, love, and ease.

## IX.

And from this care, where dreams and sorrows reign,  
    Lead me above,  
Where light, joy, leisure, and true comforts move,  
    Without all pain:  
There, hid in Thee, show me his life againe,  
    At whose dumbe urn  
Thus all the year I mourn !

*The Resurrection of the flesh ; and everlasting life after  
death ?*

## THE MYSTERY OF NATURE.

“ **W**HY roam'st thou, sad and downward eyed,  
    Pale pilgrim, sable clad ?  
While earth bedecks her like a bride,  
    In vernal sunshine glad.

“ The snowdrop's reign is almost gone,  
    And gayer flowers unfold,  
Narcissus with its clusters fair,  
    And crocus gleaming gold.

“ But thou the while dost paler grow,  
    More sadness hangs o'er thee,  
As if this pomp of loveliness  
    It sickened thee to see.”

“There was a time when I drank in  
The sunshine of the spring,  
Which now upon my faded brow  
Doth baneful shadows fling.

“But nature’s face is changed to me,  
In funeral trappings clad,  
The more all other hearts are gay,  
The more my heart is sad.

“Earth, in her winter dress of gloom,  
Is welcome to my eye,  
But spare me all her pomp and glare  
Of vernal pageantry.”

“O say not so, thou pilgrim pale,  
But muse and pray awhile ;  
And so shall nature’s darkened face  
Resume its morning smile.

“Look on her with the eye of faith,  
And so thy heart shall learn,  
Of her mysterious loveliness  
The meaning to discern.

“We may not turn in gloom away,  
For One her ground hath trod,  
And left a glory round her path,  
Our Master and our God ;

“ And since that hour, this wondrous world  
    Is but the outer shell,  
Which wraps a world more wondrous still  
    Wherein His chosen dwell.


“ And He who framed that inner world  
    With His creative breath,  
Has rent in twain the barrier stern,  
    That parted life from death.

“ Alike on either side the tomb  
    That unseen realm is spread,  
It knows no severing line between  
    The living and the dead.

“ The saints we see not, gathered there,  
    Blend with the saints we see ;  
One hidden life pervading all  
    In mystic unity.

“ And in the fulness of the time,  
    This outer world of sin  
Shall burst and shrivel, and disclose  
    The glorious world within.

“ Then shall the sons of God no more  
    Seem like to sons of clay,  
Their hidden sacramental life  
    Made manifest that day.



“ And all the beauty that we see  
Clothing this outer earth,  
Is but the type, perchance the germ,  
Of her immortal birth.

“ Then shrink not from the gorgeous spring,  
For all her flowers are born  
Blest harbingers, to herald forth  
The resurrection morn.

“ And dream of dreariness no more,  
But rouse thee, toil and pray ;  
So thou in thine own lot mayst stand,  
Safe on that awful day.”

*All this I steadfastly believe.*

MARK IX. 24.

“ LORD, I BELIEVE ; HELP THOU MINE UNBELIEF.”

*J. S. Monsell.*

YES! I do feel, my God, that I am Thine!  
Thou art my joy,—myself, mine only grief;  
Hear my complaint, low bending at Thy shrine,—  
“ Lord, I believe ; help Thou mine unbelief!”

Unworthy even to approach so near,  
My soul lies trembling like a summer's leaf;  
Yet, O forgive! I doubt not, though I fear,—  
“ Lord, I believe ; help Thou mine unbelief!”



True, I am weak, ah very weak,—but then  
I know the source whence I can draw relief;  
And though repulsed, I still can plead again—  
“Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief!”

O draw me nearer! for, too far away,  
The beamings of Thy brightness are too brief;  
While Faith, though fainting, still hath strength to  
pray—  
“Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief!”

*All this I steadfastly believe.*

FAITH.

*Henry Vaughan.*

**B**RIGHT and blest beam! whose strong pro-  
jection  
Equal to all,  
Reacheth as well things of dejection,  
As the high and tall;  
How hath my God by raying thee  
Enlarged His spouse,  
And of a private familie  
Made open house!  
All may be now co-heirs; no noise  
Of *bond* or *free*  
Can interdict us from those joys  
That wait on Thee.

The Law and ceremonies made  
    A glorious night,  
Where stars, and clouds, both light and shade  
    Had equal right :  
But as in nature, when the day  
    Breaks, night adjourns,  
    . . . . .  
    . . . . .  
So when the Sun of righteousness  
    Did once appear,  
That scene was changed, and a new dresse,  
    Left for us here ;  
Veils became useless, altars fell,  
    Fires smoking die ;  
And all that sacred pomp and shell  
    Of things did flie.  
Then did He shine forth, whose sad fall  
    And bitter fights  
Were figured in those mystical  
    And cloudie rites :—  
And as in the natural Sun, these three,  
    Light, motion, heat,  
So are now Faith, Hope, Charity,  
    Through Him complete.  
Faith spurs up blisse ; what sin and death  
    Put us quite from,  
Lest we should run for't out of breath,  
    Faith brings us home ;  
So that I need no more, but say—  
    “ I do believe,”  
And my most loving Lord straightway  
    Doth answer ; “ LIVE.”

COLLECT.

© most merciful God, who, according to the multitude of Thy mercies, dost so put away the sins of those who truly repent, that Thou rememberest them no more; Open Thine eye of mercy upon this Thy servant, who most earnestly desireth pardon and forgiveness. Renew in him, most loving Father, whatsoever hath been decayed by the fraud and malice of the devil, or by his own carnal will and frailness; preserve and continue this sick member in the unity of the Church: consider his contrition, accept his tears, assuage his pain, as shall seem to Thee most expedient for him. And forasmuch as he putteth his full trust only in Thy mercy, impute not unto him his former sins, but strengthen him with Thy blessed Spirit; and when Thou art pleased to take him hence, take him unto Thy favour, through the merits of Thy most dearly beloved Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Open Thine eye of mercy upon this Thy servant, who most earnestly desireth pardon and forgiveness.

## PSALM CXXX.

*Phineas Fletcher.*

FROM the depths of grief and fear,  
O Lord! to Thee my soul repairs :  
From Thy Heaven bow down Thine ear ;  
Let Thy mercy meet my prayers.  
O if Thou mark'st  
What's done amiss,  
What soul so pure,  
Can see Thy bliss ?

But with Thee sweet mercy stands,  
Sealing pardons, working fear :  
Wait my soul, wait on His hands ;  
Wait mine eye, O wait mine ear :  
If He his eye  
Or tongue affords,  
Watch all His looks,  
Catch all His words.

As a watchman waits for day,  
And looks for light, and looks again ;  
When the night grows old and gray,  
To be relieved he calls amain ;

So look, so wait,  
So long mine eyes,  
To see my Lord,  
My Sun arise.

Wait, ye saints, wait on our Lord ;  
For from His tongue sweet mercy flows :  
Wait on His cross, wait on His word ;  
Upon that tree redemption grows ;  
He will redeem  
His Israel •  
From sin and wrath,  
From death and hell.

Open Thine eye of mercy upon this Thy servant.

PSALM XLII.

PARAPHRASE.

\*

*Lewis Way.*

**L**IKE as the thirsty roe doth strive  
To reach the river side,  
My longing soul, to God alive,  
Desireth none beside.

For God, the living God, I pant,  
His countenance to see,  
For in His presence all I want  
Will manifested be.

Tears are my meat by day and night,  
Beneath His chast'ning rod ;  
My foes continually say,  
"Ah ! where is now thy God ?"

I think thereon with pensive care,  
In secret muse alone,  
Or with the multitude repair  
To bow before His throne.

With such as keep His holy day  
My feeble voice I raise,  
I find it good with them to pray,  
To offer thanks and praise.

Then why so heavy, O my soul ?  
Why sinks the drooping head ?  
His mercy soon will make thee whole,  
Be not disquieted.

Remember Jordan's promised land ;  
The people vexed like you,  
Shall taste again at His command  
Of Hermon's heavenly dew.

One deep doth on another call,  
Like waterpipes below,  
The waves uprising but to fall,  
Subsiding as they flow.

The loving-kindness of the day  
Shall be my nightly song,  
And while I live, to Him I'll pray  
Who doth my life prolong.

When I am weak He still supplies  
The strength I daily need,  
And at His word mine enemies  
Are all discomfited.

He ever lifteth up my face  
To look to Him alone,  
The God and giver of all grace,  
The glorious Holy One !

Open Thine eye of mercy upon this Thy servant.

*R. C. Trench.*

NOT Thou from us, O Lord, but we  
Withdraw ourselves from Thee.  
When we are dark and dead,  
And Thou art covered with a cloud,  
Hanging before Thee, like a shroud,  
So that our prayer can find no way,  
O teach us that we do not say,  
“Where is *thy* brightness fled?”

But that we search and try  
What in ourselves has wrought this blame ;  
For Thou remainest still the same,  
But earth's own vapours earth may fill  
With darkness and thick clouds, while still  
The sun is in the sky.

Open Thine eye of mercy upon this Thy servant.

A PRAYER.

(PART.)

*Princess Elizabeth (Queen of Bohemia).*

O MY God ! for Christ His sake,  
Quite from me this dulness take ;  
Cause me earth's love to forsake,  
And of Heaven my realm to make.

If early thanks I render Thee,  
That Thou hast enlightened me  
With such knowledge that I see  
What things most behoveful be ;

O enlighten more my sight,  
And dispel my darksome night,  
Good Lord, by Thy heavenly light,  
And Thy beams most pure and bright.

What care I for lofty place,  
If the Lord grant me His grace,  
Showing me His pleasant face,  
And with joy I end my race ?

O my soul of heavenly birth,  
Do thou scorn this basest earth ;  
Place not here thy joy and mirth,  
Where of bliss is greatest dearth.



From below thy mind remove  
And affect the things above :  
Set thy heart and fix thy love  
Where the truest joys shalt prove.

If I do love things on high,  
Doubtless them enjoy shall I ;  
Earthly pleasures if I try,  
They pursued faster fly.

To me grace, O Father, send,  
On Thee wholly to depend,  
That all may to Thy glory tend ;  
So let me live, so let me end.

Now to the true Eternal King,  
Not seen with human eye,  
Th' immortal, only wise, true God,  
Be praise perpetually !

Renew in him, most loving Father, whatsoever hath been  
decayed by the fraud and malice of the devil, or by his own  
carnal will and frailness ;

*R. C. Trench.*

ONCE if I felt no heart or strength to pray,  
If on a sudden vanished quite I found  
The goods wherein I dreamed I did abound,  
And this blank mood continued many a day,  
I was quite swallowed up in dim dismay :

My heart, I said, by deadly frost is bound,  
And never will warm days again come round :  
But now more hopefully I learn to say—  
Either some sin is lurking in my breast,  
Troubling the host,<sup>1</sup> which being once confest,  
He will His presence and His light restore,  
Or thus one needful lesson He is fain  
To teach—that in ourselves we are always poor,  
Which learned, He soon will make me rich again.

Preserve and continue this sick member in the unity of the  
Church ;

EMPLOYMENT.

*George Herbert.*

I F as a flower doth spread and die,  
Thou would'st extend me to some good,  
Before I were by frosts' extremity  
Nipt in the bud ;

The sweetness and the praise were Thine ;  
But the extension and the room  
Which in Thy garland I should fill, were mine,  
At Thy great doom.

For as Thou dost impart Thy grace,  
The greater shall our glory be.  
The measure of our joys is in this place,  
The stuff with Thee.

<sup>1</sup> See Josh. vii. 25.

Let me not languish, then, and spend  
A life as barren to Thy praise,  
As in the dust to which that life doth tend,  
But with delays.

All things are busy ; only I  
Neither bring honey with the bees,  
Nor flowers to make that, nor the husbandry  
To water these.

I am no link of Thy great chain,  
But all my company is as a weed.  
Lord! place me in Thy concert ; give *one* strain  
To my poor reed.

Preserve and continue this sick member in the unity of the  
Church ;

THE CONSTELLATION.

(PART.)

*Henry Vaughan.*

THUS, by our lusts disordered into wars,  
Our guides prove wand'ring stars,  
Which for these mists and black days were reserved,  
What time we from our first love swerved.

Yet O for His sake who sits now by Thee,  
All crowned with victory,  
So guide us through this darkness, that we may  
Be more and more in love with day !

Settle and fix our hearts, that we may move  
In order, peace, and love ;  
And, taught obedience by Thy whole creation,  
Become an humble, holy nation !

Give to Thy spouse her perfect and pure dress,  
BEAUTY and HOLINESS ;  
And so repair these rents, that men may see  
And say, " Where God is, all agree."

Preserve and continue this sick member in the unity of the  
Church ;

SUNDAY.

(PART.)

*George Herbert.*

O DAY most calm, most bright !  
The fruit of this, the next world's bud ;  
Th' indorsement of supreme delight,  
Writ by a friend, and with His blood ;  
The couch of time, care's balm and bay :—  
The week were dark but for thy light ;  
Thy torch doth show the way.

The Sundays of man's life  
Threaded together on time's string,  
Make bracelets to adorn the wife  
Of the eternal glorious King.  
On Sunday, heav'n's gate stands ope,  
Blessings are plentiful and rife,  
More plentiful than hope.

Thou art a day of mirth ;  
And, where the week-days trail on ground,  
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth.  
O let me take thee at the bound,  
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,  
Till that we both, being tossed from earth,  
Fly hand in hand to heaven.

Preserve and continue this sick member in the unity of the  
Church ;

SECRET PRAYER.

*S. Wilberforce.*

FROM the deep stillness of its mossy head,  
Full-fed by seething mists, the lonely rill  
Bounds on from stone to stone at its free will,  
Murmuring sweet music in its rocky bed ;  
By all save lonely bird unvisited—  
Yet ever with straight course advancing still  
Towards the common sea which all streams fill,

As one by an unswerving instinct led.—  
Most like the sigh of solitary prayer,  
From the hid fountains of some burthened heart,  
Poured forth in secret, e'en as though there were  
None with itself life's mystery to share ;—  
Yet adding still, by an unconscious art,  
To the whole Church's voice its own melodious  
part.

Preserve and continue this sick member in the unity of the  
Church ;

SUNDAY.

*F. Hemans.*

HOW many blessed groups this hour are bend-  
ing,  
Through England's primrose meadow-paths, their  
way  
Towards spire and tower, 'midst shadowy elms as-  
cending,  
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed  
day !  
The halls from old heroic ages grey  
Pour their fair children forth ; and hamlets low,  
With whose thick orchard-blooms the soft winds  
play,  
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,  
Like a freed vernal stream. *I* may not tread  
With them those pathways—to the feverish bed

Of sickness bound ;—yet, O my God, I bless  
Thy mercy, that with sabbath peace hath fill'd  
My chasten'd heart, and all its throbbings still'd  
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.

*We putteth his full trust only in Thy mercy.*

JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING.

*J. Newton.*

SOMETIMES a light surprises  
The Christian while he sings ;  
It is the Lord, who rises  
With healing in His wings :  
When comforts are declining,  
He grants the soul again  
A season of clear shining,  
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,  
We sweetly then pursue  
The theme of God's salvation,  
And find it ever new ;  
Set free from present sorrow,  
We cheerfully can say—  
E'en let the unknown to-morrow  
Bring with it what it may,

It can bring with it nothing,  
But He will bear us through ;  
Who gives the lilies clothing,  
Will clothe His people too ;  
Beneath the spreading Heavens  
No creature but is fed ;  
And He who feeds the ravens,  
Will give His children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither  
Their wonted fruit shall bear,  
Though all the field should wither,  
Nor flocks nor herds be there :  
Yet God the same abiding,  
His praise shall tune my voice ;  
For, while in Him confiding,  
I cannot but rejoice.

Strengthen him with Thy blessed Spirit ; and, when Thou art pleased to take him hence, take him unto Thy labour, through the merits of Thy most dearly beloved Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

## MISERY.

(PART.)

*Henry Vaughan.*

SUCH is man's life, and such is mine,  
The worst of men, and yet still Thine ;



Still Thine, Thou know'st, and if not so,  
Then give me over to my foe.  
Yet since as easy 'tis for Thee  
To make man good as bid him be,  
And with one glance (could he that gain)  
To look him out of all his pain,  
O send me from Thy holy hill,  
So much of strength, as may fulfil  
All Thy delights (whate'er they be)  
And sacred institutes in me !  
Open my rockie heart, and fill  
It with obedience to Thy will ;  
Then seal it up, that as none see,  
So none may enter there but Thee.  
O hear, my God ! Hear him whose blood  
Speaks more and better for my good !  
O let my crie come to Thy throne !  
My crie not poured with tears alone,  
(For tears alone are often foul,)  
But with the blood of all my soul ;  
With spirit sighs, and earnest groans,  
Faithful and most repenting moans ;  
With these I crie, and crying pine,  
Till Thou both mend, and make me Thine !

PSALM LXXI.

1 In Thee, O Lord, have I put my trust ; let me never be put to confusion : but rid me, and deliver me in Thy righteousness ; incline Thine ear unto me, and save me.

2 Be Thou my strong hold, whereunto I may alway resort : Thou hast promised to help me ; for Thou art my house of defence, and my castle.

3 Deliver me, O my God, out of the hand of the ungodly : out of the hand of the unrighteous and cruel man.

4 For Thou, O Lord God, art the thing that I long for : Thou art my hope, even from my youth.

5 Through Thee have I been holden up ever since I was born : Thou art He that took me out of my mother's womb ; my praise shall alway be of Thee.

6 I am become as it were a monster unto many : but my sure trust is in Thee.

7 O let my mouth be filled with Thy praise : that I may sing of Thy glory and honour all the day long.

8 Cast me not away in the time of age : forsake me not when my strength faileth me.

9 For mine enemies speak against me, and

they that lay wait for my soul take their counsel together, saying : God hath forsaken him, persecute him, and take him ; for there is none to deliver him.

10 Go not far from me, O God : my God, haste Thee to help me.

11 Let them be confounded and perish that are against my soul : let them be covered with shame and dishonour that seek to do me evil.

12 As for me, I will patiently abide alway : and will praise Thee more and more.

13 My mouth shall daily speak of Thy righteousness and salvation : for I know no end thereof.

14 I will go forth in the strength of the Lord God : and will make mention of Thy righteousness only.

15 Thou, O God, hast taught me from my youth up until now : therefore will I tell of Thy wondrous works.

16 Forsake me not, O God, in mine old age, when I am gray-headed : until I have showed Thy strength unto this generation, and Thy power to all them that are yet for to come.

17 Thy righteousness, O God, is very high, and great things are they that Thou hast done : O God, who is like unto Thee ?

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

## Psalm LXX.

*Sir. R. Grant.*

WITH years oppressed, with sorrows worn,  
Dejected, harassed, sick, forlorn,  
To Thee, O God, I pray :  
To Thee, my withered hands arise,  
To Thee I lift these failing eyes,  
O cast me not away !

Thy mercy heard my infant prayer,  
Thy love, with all a mother's care,  
Sustained my childish days :  
Thy goodness watched my ripening youth,  
And formed my heart to love Thy truth,  
And filled my lips with praise.

O Saviour ! has Thy grace declined ?  
Can years affect the Eternal mind ?  
Or time its love decay ?—  
A thousand ages pass Thy sight,  
And all their long and weary flight  
Is gone like yesterday.

Then, even in age and grief, Thy name  
Shall still my languid heart inflame,

And bow my faltering knee :  
O yet this bosom feels the fire,  
This trembling hand and drooping lyre  
Have yet a strain for Thee.

Yes ! broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,  
This voice transported shall record  
Thy goodness tried so long ;  
Till sinking slow, with calm decay,  
Its feeble murmurs melt away  
Into a seraph's song.

In Thee, O Lord, have I put my trust. . . . Be Thou  
my strong hold, whereunto I may alway resort ; Thou hast  
promised to help me ;

*R. C. Trench.*

I.

ONE time I was allowed to steer  
Through realms of azure light ;—  
Henceforth, I said, I need not fear  
A lower meaner flight ;  
But here shall evermore abide,  
In light and splendour glorified.

II.

My heart one time the rivers fed,  
Large dews upon it lay ;  
A freshness it has won, I said,  
Which shall not pass away,

But what it is, it shall remain,  
Its freshness to the end retain.

## III.

But when I lay upon the shore,  
Like some poor wounded thing,  
I deemed I should not ever more  
Refit my shattered wing—  
Nailed to the ground and fastened there :  
This was the thought of my despair.

## IV.

And when my very heart seemed dried,  
And parched as summer dust,  
Such still I deemed it must abide ;  
No hope had I, no trust  
That any power again could bless  
With fountains that waste wilderness.

## V.

But if both hope and fear were vain,  
And came alike to nought,  
• Two lessons we from this may gain,  
If aught *can* teach us aught—  
One lesson rather—to divide  
Between our fearfulness and pride.

For Thou, O Lord God, art the thing that I long for :  
Thou art my hope, even from my youth.

HYMN.

(PART.)

*From the German of Tersteegen.*

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows !  
I see from far Thy beauteous light,  
Inly I sigh for Thy repose ;  
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be  
At rest, till it find rest in Thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still  
The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove ;  
And fain I would, but though my will  
Seem fix'd, yet wide my passions rove,  
Yet hindrances strew all the way,  
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought  
My mind to seek its peace in Thee,  
Yet while I seek but find Thee not,  
No peace my wand'ring soul shall see :  
O when shall all my wand'rings end,  
And all my steps to Jesus tend !

What is there more that hinders me  
From ent'ring to Thy promis'd rest,  
Abiding there substantially,  
And being permanently blest?  
O Love, my inmost soul expose,  
And every hindrance now disclose.

Is there a thing beneath the sun  
That strives with Thee my heart to share?  
Ah! tear it thence and reign alone  
The Lord of every motion there.  
Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
When it hath found repose in Thee.

Tell me, O God, if aught there be  
Of self that wills not Thy controul;  
Reveal whate'er impurity  
May still be lurking in my soul:  
To reach Thy rest, and share Thy throne,  
Mine eyes must look to Thee alone.

Each moment draw from earth away  
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;  
Speak to my inmost soul and say,—  
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All."  
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,  
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.



Through Thee have I been holden up ever since I was  
born . . . My praise shall alway be of Thee.

## EPITAPH ON HIMSELF.

*Gambold.*

ASK not, who ended here his span ?  
His name, reproach, and praise was—MAN.  
Did no great deeds adorn his course ?  
No deed of his, but showed him worse :  
One thing was great, which God supplied,  
He suffered human life—and died.  
What points of knowledge did he gain ?  
That life was sacred all—and vain.  
Sacred, how high, and vain, how low ?  
He knew not here—but died to know.

☉ let my mouth be filled with Thy praise : that I may sing  
of Thy glory and honour all the day long.

*R. C. Trench.*

## I.

SOME murmur, when their sky is clear  
And wholly bright to view,  
If one small speck of dark appear  
In their great heaven of blue :

And some with thankful love are filled  
If but one streak of light,  
One ray of God's good mercy gild  
The darkness of their night.

## II.

In palaces are hearts that ask,  
In discontent and pride,  
Why life is such a dreary task,  
And all good things denied :  
And hearts in poorest huts admire  
How Love has in their aid  
(Love that not ever seems to tire)  
Such rich provision made.

Cast me not away in the time of age : forsake me not when  
my strength faileth me.

## THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS DEATH.

*Sir W. Raleigh.*

EVEN such is time ; that takes on trust  
Our youth, our joyes, our all we have,  
And pays us but with age and dust ;  
Who in the dark and silent grave  
(When we have wandered all our ways)  
Shuts up the story of our days.—  
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,  
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

*For mine enemies speak against me, and they that lay wait for my soul take their counsel together, saying: God hath forsaken him, persecute him, and take him; for there is none to deliver him. Go not far from me, O God: my God, haste thee to help me.*

*Francis Davison.*


HEAR, O Lord and God! my cries;  
Mark my foes' unjust abusing;  
And illuminate my eyes,  
Heavenly beams in them infusing;

Lest my woes, too great to bear,  
And too infinite in number,  
Rock me soon 'twixt hope and fear,  
Into death's eternal slumber;

Lest my foes their boasting make,  
"Spite of right on him we trample;"  
And a pride in mischief take,  
Heartened by my sad example.

As for me, I'll ride secure  
At Thy mercy's sacred anchor,  
And undaunted will endure  
Fiercest storms of wrong and rancour.

These black clouds will overblow,  
Sunshine shall have his returning,  
And my grief-wrung heart, I know,  
Into mirth shall change his mourning.



Therefore I'll rejoice and sing  
Hymns to God, in sacred measure,  
Who to happy pass will bring  
My just hopes, at His good pleasure.

As for me, I will patiently abide alway ; and will praise  
Thee more and more.

## RECOVERING BODILY HEALTH.

PSALM CXVI.

*Sandys.*

MY soule intirely shall affect  
The Lord, whose eares my groans respect :  
In misery  
He heard thy cry ;  
To Him thy prayers direct.

Sorrowes of Death my soule assailed,  
The greedy jaws of hell prevailed :  
Depressed with griefe  
When all reliefe  
And human pity failed,

I cried—My God, O look on me ;  
Thou ever just, the afflicted free :  
O from the grave  
Thy servant save ;  
For mercy lives in Thee.

The innocent and long distressed,  
The humble mind by wrongs oppress,  
Thy favour still  
Preserves from ill ;  
My soule then take thy rest.

God stayed my feet, and dried my teares,  
Redeemed from death and deadly feares,  
That still I might  
Walk in His sight,  
And number many yeares.

Thus, with a firm belief, I prayed,  
Yet in extremes of trouble said,—  
All on the earth  
Of mortal birth,  
Even all, of lies are made.

What shall I unto God restore  
For all His mercies? Fall before  
His holy throne,  
And Him alone  
With sacred rites adore.

I will performe my vowes this day,  
Where they frequent who God obey ;  
Right precious is  
The death of His ;  
He sees, and will repay.

Lord, I am Thine, Thy handmaid's seed,  
By Thee from raging tyrants freed,  
My prayers shall rise  
In sacrifice ;  
My Thanks Thy altar feed.

I will performe my vowes this day,  
Where they frequent who God obey ;  
Even in His court  
Within thy fort,  
Renownèd Solyma.

My mouth shall daily speak of Thy righteousness and  
salvation : for I know no end thereof.

PRAISE.

(PART.)

*Henry Vaughan.*

**K**ING of comforts ! King of life !  
Thou hast cheered me ;  
And when fears and doubts were rife,  
Thou hast cleared me.

Not a nook in all my breast  
But Thou fill'st it,  
Not a thought, that breaks my rest,  
But Thou kill'st it ;

Wherefore with my utmost strength  
I will praise Thee,  
And as Thou giv'st line and length  
I will raise Thee ;

Day and night, not once a day,  
I will blesse Thee,  
And, my soul in new array,  
I will dresse Thee ;

Not one minute in the year  
But I'll mind Thee,  
As my seal and bracelet here  
I will bind Thee ;

In Thy word, as if in Heaven,  
I will rest me ;  
And Thy promise, till made even  
There shall feast me.

Then Thy sayings all my life,  
There shall please me,  
And Thy bloody wounds and strife,  
They will ease me ;

With Thy grones my daily breath  
I will measure ;  
And my life hid in Thy death,  
I will treasure.

I will go forth in the strength of the Lord God : and will  
make mention of Thy righteousness only.

## THE AGREEMENT.

(PART.)

*Henry Vaughan.*

—UNTIL Thou didst comfort me  
I had not one poor word to say :  
Thick busie clouds did multiply,  
And said I was no childe of day ;  
They said, my own hands did remove  
That candle given me from above.

O God ! I know and do confess  
My sins are great and still prevail,  
(Most heinous sins and numberless ;)   
But Thy compassions cannot fail.  
If Thy sure mercies can be broken,  
Then all is true my foes have spoken.

But while time runs, and after it  
Eternity which never ends,  
Quite through them both, still infinite,  
Thy covenant by Christ extends,  
No sins of frailty, nor of youth,  
Can foil His merits, and Thy truth.

And this I hourly finde, for Thou  
Dost still renew, and purge and heal :  
Thy care and love, which jointly flow,  
New cordials, new cathartics deal.



But were I once cast off by Thee,  
I know, my God, this would not be.

Wherefore with tears, tears by Thee sent,  
I beg my faith may never faile !  
And when in death my speech is spent,  
O let that silence then prevaile !  
O chase in that cold calm my foes,  
And hear my heart's last private throes !

So Thou, who didst the work begin,  
For I, till drawn, came not to Thee,  
Wilt finish it, and by no sin  
Will Thy free mercies hindred be.  
For which, O God, I only can  
Bless Thee, and blame unthankful Man.

☉ *God, who is like unto Thee ?*

RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

THE FLOWER.

*George Herbert.*

HOW fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean  
Are Thy returns ! ev'n as the flowers in  
spring ;  
To which, besides their own demean,  
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring :  
Grief melts away,  
Like snow in May ;  
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivell'd heart  
Could have recover'd greenness? It was gone  
Quite underground : as flowers depart  
To see their mother-root, when they have blown ;  
Where they together,  
All the hard weather,  
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of power !  
Killing and quick'ning ; bringing down to hell,  
And up to Heaven in an hour ;  
Making a *chiming*—of a *passing*-bell.  
We say amiss,  
This or that is ;  
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,  
Fast in Thy Paradise, where no flower can wither !  
Many a spring I shoot up fair,  
Offering at Heaven, growing and groaning thither :  
Nor doth my flower  
Want a spring shower,  
My sins and I joining together.

But, while I grow in a straight line,  
Still upwards bent, as if Heaven were mine own,  
Thy anger comes, and I decline.  
What frost to that? What pole is not the zone  
Where all things burn,  
When Thou dost turn,  
And the least frown of Thine is shown ?

And now in age I bud again.  
After so many deaths I live and write,  
I once more smell the dew and rain,  
And relish versing. O my only light,  
It cannot be  
That I am he  
On whom Thy tempests fell all night !

These are Thy wonders, Lord of love !  
To make us see we are but flowers that glide ;  
Which when we once can find and prove,  
Thou hast a garden for us where to bide.  
Who would be more,  
Swelling through store,  
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy  
Ghost :

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be :  
world without end. Amen.

*"Hicks' Devotions."*

WAKE now, my soul, and humbly hear  
What thy mild Lord commands ;  
Each word of His will charm thine ear,  
Each word will guide thy hands.

Hark how His sweet and tender care  
Complies with our weak minds ;  
Whate'er our state and tempers are,  
Still some fit work He finds.

They that are merry, let them sing,  
And let the sad hearts pray ;  
Let those still ply their cheerful wing,  
And these their sober way.

So mounts the early chirping lark  
Still upwards to the skies ;  
So sits the turtle in the dark,  
Sighing out groans and cries.

And yet the lark, and yet the dove,  
Both sing through several parts ;  
And so should we, howe'er we move,  
With light or heavy hearts.

Or rather both should both assay,  
And their cross-notes unite ;  
Both grief and joy should sing and pray,  
Since both such hopes invite.

Hopes that all present sorrow heal,  
All present joy transcend ;  
Hopes to possess, and taste, and feel  
Delights that never end.

All glory to the sacred Three,  
All honour, power, and praise ;  
As at the first, may ever be,  
Beyond the end of days.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy  
Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be :  
world without end. Amen.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

*Milton.*

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,  
Sphere-born, harmonious sisters, Voice and  
Verse,

Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power employ,  
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce ;  
And to our high raised phantasy present  
That undisturbèd song of pure concent  
Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne,  
To Him that sits thereon—

With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee,  
Where the bright seraphim in burning row  
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,  
And the cherubic host in thousand quires  
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,  
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,  
Hymns devout, and holy psalms  
Singing everlastingly ;

That we on earth with undiscording voice  
May rightly answer that melodious noise ;  
As once we did, till disproportioned sin  
Jarred against nature's chime, and with harsh din  
Broke the fair music that all creatures made  
To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayed  
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood  
In first obedience, and their state of good.  
O may we soon again renew that song,  
And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long  
To His celestial concert us unite,  
To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light.

**© Saviour of the world, who by Thy Cross and precious Blood hast redeemed us, save us; and help us, we humbly beseech Thee, © Lord.**

**The Almighty Lord, who is a most strong tower to all them that put their trust in Him, to whom all things in heaven, in earth, and under the earth, do bow and obey, be now and evermore thy defence; and make thee know and feel, that there is none other Name under heaven given to man, in whom, and through whom, thou mayest receive health and salvation, but only the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.**

**Unto God's gracious mercy and protection we commit thee. The Lord bless thee, and keep thee. The Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace, both now and evermore. Amen.**

© Saviour of the world, who by Thy Cross and precious Blood hast redeemed us, save us, and help us, we humbly beseech Thee, © Lord.

## HYMN AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

FROM ST. BERNARD.

(PART.)

*T. Whytehead.*

O THOU Majesty Divine !  
Was ever poverty like Thine !  
Who, for such surpassing love,  
Yielding blood for blood, will prove  
True follower in Thy train ?

Sharing now Thy wounds, I pray Thee,  
Let me love for love repay Thee,  
Thou whose soul for sinners smarted,  
Healer of the broken-hearted,  
Kind Father of the poor.

What in me is wounded, broken,  
What doth sore disease betoken,  
Sweetest Saviour, make it whole,  
Then restore me, heal my soul  
With medicine divine.

I draw near, as Thou wert by me,  
Yea I do believe Thee nigh me :



Heal me, Thou my hope hast been ;  
Cleanse me, and I shall be clean,  
When washed in blood of Thine.

On my heart each stripe be written,  
Wherewith Thou for me wert smitten,  
Each deep wound,—that I may be  
Wholly crucified with Thee,  
And loving Thee always.

Gracious Jesu, Lord most dear,  
Guilty though I am, give ear :  
Show Thine own sweet clemency ;  
Spurn me not, though vile I be,  
From Thy blessed feet away.

Here before Thee, fallen, weeping,  
And with tears these torn feet steeping,  
Jesu, for Thy mercy's sake,  
Pity on my misery take,  
And one kind look let fall.

From the cross, uplifted high,  
My Beloved, cast Thine eye :  
Turn me to Thee, heart and soul ;  
Speak the word of power, " Be whole,  
I have forgiven thee all."

© Saviour of the world, who by Thy Cross and precious Blood hast redeemed us, save us, and help us, we humbly beseech Thee, © Lord.

## HEBREWS IV. 15.

*Sir Robert Grant.*

## I.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few,  
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,  
Experienced every human pain ;  
He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.

## II.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,  
To fly the good I would pursue,  
Or do the sin I would not do,—  
Still He who felt temptation's power  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

## III.

If wounded love my bosom swell,  
Deceived by those I prized too well,—  
He shall His pitying aid bestow  
Who felt on earth severer woe,  
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,  
By those who shared His daily bread.

## IV.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And sore dismayed my spirit dies,  
Still He who once vouchsafed to bear  
The sickening anguish of despair,  
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

## V.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers what was once a friend,  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me—for a little while ;  
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,  
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

## VI.

And O, when I have safely past  
Through every conflict—but the last,  
Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
My painful bed,—for Thou hast died ;  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away.

The Almighty Lord . . . be now and evermore thy defence:

FOR MY MOTHER.

PSALM XLI. 3.

*J. S. Monsell.*

O HOW soft that bed must be,  
Made in sickness, Lord, by Thee !  
And that rest, how calm, how sweet,  
Where Jesus and the sufferer meet.

It was the good Physician now  
Soothed thy cheek and chafed thy brow ;  
Whispering, as He raised thy head,  
" It is I, be not afraid."

God of glory, God of grace,  
Hear from Heaven Thy dwelling-place :  
Hear in mercy, and forgive,  
Bid Thy child believe, and live.

Bless her, and she shall be blest ;  
Soothe her, and she shall have rest ;  
Fix her heart, her hopes above,  
Love her, Lord, for Thou art Love.

There is none other Name under heaven given to man, in whom, and through whom, thou mayest receive health and salvation, but only the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

HOPE IN GOD.

*Francis Quarles.*

IN Thee, dear Lord, my pensive soul respire,  
Thou art the fulness of my choice desires ;  
Thou art that sacred spring, whose waters burst  
In streams to him that seeks with holy thirst.  
Thrice happy man, thrice happy thirst, to bring  
Thy fainting soul to so, so sweet a spring ;  
Thrice happy he, whose well-resolvèd breast  
Expects no other aid, no other rest ;  
Thrice happy he, whose downy age has been  
Reclaimed by scourges from the prime of sin ;  
And, early seasoned with the taste of truth,  
Remembers his Creator in his youth.

Make thee know and feel, that there is none other Name under heaven given to man, in whom, and through whom thou mayest receive health and salvation, but only the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

*Habington.*

WHERE have I wandered? In what way,  
Horrid as night,  
Increase by storm, did I delight?

Thou my sad soule did often say  
'Twas death and madnesse so to stray.

On that false ground I joy'd to tread  
Which seemed most faire,  
Though every path had a new snare,  
And every turning still did lead  
To the darke region of the dead.

But with the surfeit of delight  
I am so tyred,  
That I now loathe what I admired ;  
And my distasted appetite  
So 'bhors the meate, it hates the sight.

For should we naked sinne descry,  
Not beautified  
By the ayde of wantonnesse and pride,  
Like some misshapen birth 'twould lye,  
A torment to th' affrighted eye.

But cloath'd in beauty and respect,  
Even o'er the wise  
How powerfull doth it tyrannize ;  
Whose monstrous form should they detect,  
They famine sooner would affect.

And since these shadowes which oppresse  
My sight, begin  
To clear, and show the shape of sinne,  
A scorpion sooner be my guest,  
And warme his venome in my breast.

May I, before I grow so vile  
By sin agen,  
Be throwne off as a scorne to men.  
May the angry world decree t' exile  
Me to some yet unpeopled isle,

Where, while I struggle, and in vaine  
Labour to finde  
Some creature that shall have a minde,  
What justice have I to complaine,  
If I Thy inward grace retaine?

My God, if Thou shalt not exclude  
Thy comfort hence,  
What place can seem to troubled sense  
So melancholly, darke, and rude,  
To be esteemed a solitude?

Cast me upon some naked shore,  
When I may tracke  
Onely the print of some sad wracke;  
If Thou be there, though the seas roare,  
I shall no gentler calme implore.

Should the Cymmerians, whom no ray  
Doth ere enlight,  
But gaine Thy grace, they've lost their night:  
Not sinners, at high noone, but they  
'Mong their blind cloudes—have found the day.

Make thee know and feel, that there is none other Name under heaven given to man, in whom, and through whom, thou mayest receive health and salvation, but only the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

## REPARATION.

\*

*Elizabeth B. Barrett.*

WHEN some belovèd voice, that was to you  
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly;  
And silence, against which you dare not cry,  
Aches round you like a strong disease and new,—  
What hope, what help?—what music will undo  
That silence to your sense? Not friendship's sigh;  
Not reason's subtle count; not melody  
Of viols, nor of pipes which Faunus blew:  
Not songs of poets, nor of nightingales  
Whose hearts leap upward from the cypress-trees  
To the clear moon; nor yet the spheric laws  
Self-chanted—nor the angels' sweet “all hails”—  
Met in the smile of God: nay, none of these.  
Speak, Christ, at His right hand—and fill this pause!



The Almighty Lord, who is a most strong tower to all them that put their trust in Him . . be now and evermore thy defence.

## EVENING.

## I.

FATHER ! by Thy love and power  
Comes again the evening hour :  
Light has vanished, labours cease,  
Weary creatures rest in peace.  
Thou, whose genial dews distil  
On the lowliest weed that grows,  
Father ! guard our couch from ill,  
Lull Thy children to repose.  
We to Thee ourselves resign,  
Let our latest thoughts be Thine.

## II.

Saviour ! to Thy Father bear  
This our feeble evening prayer ;  
Thou hast seen how oft to-day  
We, like sheep, have gone astray :  
Worldly thoughts, and thoughts of pride,  
Wishes to Thy cross untrue,  
Secret faults, and undescried,  
Meet Thy spirit-piercing view,  
Blessed Saviour ! yet through Thee  
Pray that these may pardoned be.

## III.

Holy Spirit ! breath of balm !  
Fall on us in evening's calm :  
Yet awhile before we sleep,  
We, with Thee, will vigils keep ;  
Lead us on our sins to muse,  
Give us truest penitence,  
Then the love of God infuse,  
Breathing humble confidence ;  
Melt our spirits, mould our will,  
Soften, strengthen, comfort still !

## IV.

Blessed Trinity ! be near  
Through the hours of darkness drear :  
When the help of man is far,  
Ye more clearly present are :  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Watch o'er our defenceless head,  
Let your Angels' guardian host  
Keep all evil from our bed,  
Till the flood of morning rays  
Wake us to a song of praise.

Make thee to know and feel, that there is none other Name under heaven given to man, in whom, and through whom, thou mayest receive health and salvation, but only the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

*Sir Henry Wotton.*

THOU great Power, in whom I move,  
For whom I live, to whom I die,  
Behold me through Thy beams of love,  
Whilst on this couch of tears I lie ;  
And cleanse my sordid soul within,  
By Thy Christ's blood, the bath of sin.

No hallow'd oils, no grains I need,  
No rags of saints, no purging fire ;  
One rosie drop from David's Seed  
Was worlds of seas to quench Thine ire.  
O precious ransom ! which, once paid,  
That "consummatum est" was said ;

And said by Him, who said no more,  
But sealed it with His dying breath :  
Thou then that hast dispunged my score,  
And dying wast the death of Death,  
Be to me now, on Thee I call,  
My life, my strength, my joy, my all.

The Lord make His face to shine upon thee.

CONSOLATION.

*Elizabeth B. Barrett.*

ALL are not taken ! there are left behind  
Living Belovèds, tender looks to bring,  
And make the day-light still a blessed thing,  
And tender voices, to make soft the wind.  
But if it were not so—if I could find  
No love in all the world to answer me,  
Nor any pathway but rang hollowly,  
Where “dust to dust,” the love from life disjoined—  
And if with parchèd lips,—as in a dearth  
Of water-springs the very deserts claim,—  
I uttered to those sepulchres unmoving  
The bitter cry, “Where are ye, O my loving?”  
I know a voice would sound, “Daughter, I AM,  
Can I suffice for Heaven, and not for *earth*?”

The Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious  
unto thee.

*Aubrey De Vere.*

SAD is our youth, for it is ever going,  
Crumbling away beneath our very feet :  
Sad is our life, for it is ever flowing  
In current unperceived, because so fleet :

S

Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing,  
But tares self-sown have overtopped the wheat :  
Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing—  
And still, O still their dying breath is sweet—  
And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us  
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still :  
And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us  
A newer Good to cure an older Ill :  
And sweet are all things, when we learn to prize  
    them  
Not for their sake but His, who grants them, or  
    denies them !

**The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee  
    peace, both now and evermore. Amen.**

EVENING HYMN.

*Sir Thomas Browne.*

THE night is come ; like to the day  
    Depart not Thou, great God, away :  
Let not my sins, black as the night,  
Eclipse the lustre of Thy light.  
Keep still in my horizon ; for to me  
The Sun makes not the day, but Thee.  
Thou whose nature cannot sleep,  
On my temples sentry keep ;  
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes,  
Whose eyes are open while mine close.

---

Let no dreams my head infest,  
But such as Jacob's temples blest.  
While I do rest, my soul advance,  
Make my sleep a holy trance ;  
That I may, my rest being wrought,  
Awake into some holy thought ;  
And with active vigour run  
My course, as doth the nimble Sun.  
Sleep is a death ; O make me try,  
By sleeping what it is to die ;  
And as gently lay my head  
On my grave, as now my bed.  
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me  
Awake again, at least with Thee.  
And thus assured, behold, I lie  
Securely, or to wake or die.  
These are my drowsie days ! in vain  
I do now wake to sleep again :  
O come that hour, when I shall never  
Sleep again, but wake for ever.

The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee  
peace, both now and evermore. Amen.

MIDNIGHT HYMN.

*MS. found in a Chest, in a Poor Woman's Cottage.*

I N the mid silence of the voiceless night,  
When, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers  
flee,  
Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,  
O God, but Thee?

And if there be a weight upon my breast,  
Some vague impression of the day foregone,  
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to Thee,  
And lay it down.

Or if it be the heaviness that comes  
In token of anticipated ill—  
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,  
Since 'tis Thy will.

For O, in spite of past and present care,  
Or any thing beside—how joyfully  
Passes that silent solitary hour,  
My God, with Thee!

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,  
More peaceful than the silence of that hour,  
More blest than any thing, my bosom lies  
    Beneath Thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire,  
Of all that it can give or take from me?  
Or whom in Heaven doth my spirit seek,  
    O God, but Thee?

*And give thee peace, both now and evermore. Amen.*

*"Hicks' Devotions."*

FAIN would my thoughts fly up to Thee,  
    Thy peace, sweet Lord, to find,  
But when I offer, still the world  
    Lays clogs upon my mind.

Sometimes I climb a little way,  
    And thence look down below;  
How nothing there, do all things seem,  
    That here make such a show!

Then round about I turn my eyes,  
    To feast my hungry sight;  
I meet with heaven in every thing,  
    In every thing delight.



I see Thy wisdom ruling all,  
And it with joy admire ;  
I see myself among such hopes,  
As set my heart on fire.

When I have thus triumph'd a while,  
And think to build my nest ;  
Some cross conceit comes fluttering by,  
And interrupts my rest.

Then to the earth again I fall,  
And from my low dust cry ;  
'Twas not in my wing, Lord, but Thine,  
That I got up so high.

And now, my God, whether I rise  
Or still lie down in dust,  
Both I submit to Thy blest will,  
In both on Thee I trust.

Guide Thou my way, who art Thyself  
My everlasting end ;  
That every step, or swift or slow,  
Still to Thyself may tend.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One consubstantial Three ;  
All highest praise, all humblest thanks,  
Now and for ever be.

Amen.



The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee  
peace, both now and evermore. Amen.

THE PRAYER IN THE WILDERNESS.

*F. Hemans.*

IN the deep wilderness unseen she prayed,  
The daughter of Jerusalem ; alone,  
With all the still small whispers of the night,  
And with the searching glances of the stars,  
And with her God alone :—she lifted up  
Her sweet sad voice, and, trembling o'er her head,  
The dark leaves thrilled with prayer—the tearful  
prayer  
Of woman's quenchless, yet repentant love.

“ Father of spirits, here !—  
Look on my inmost heart to Thee revealed,  
Look on the fountain of the burning tear,  
Before Thy sight in solitude unsealed.

“ Hear, Father ! hear and aid !  
If I have loved too well, if I have shed  
In my vain fondness, o'er a mortal head,  
Gifts, on Thy shrine, my God ! more fitting laid :

“ If I have sought to live  
But in *one* light, and made a human eye  
The lonely star of my idolatry,  
Thou that art Love ! O pity, and forgive.

“Chastened and schooled at last,  
No more, no more, my struggling spirit burns,  
But fixed on Thee, from that vain worship turns—  
What have I said?—The deep dream is not past—

“Yet hear! if still I love,  
O still too fondly—if, for ever seen,  
An earthly image comes, my heart between,  
And Thy calm glory, Father, throned above :

“If still a voice is near,  
E'en while I strive these wanderings to control,  
An earthly voice, disquieting my soul  
With its deep music, too intensely dear ;

“O Father, draw to Thee  
My lost affections back—the dreaming eyes  
Clear from their mist ;—sustain the heart that dies,  
Give the worn soul once more its pinions free.

“I must love on, O God !  
This bosom must love on—but let Thy breath  
Touch and make pure the flame that knows not  
death,  
Raising it up to Heaven—love's own abode.”

Ages and ages past—the wilderness  
With its dark cedars, and the thrilling night  
With her clear stars—and the mysterious winds  
That waft all sound—were conscious of those prayers,

How many such hath woman's bursting heart  
Since then, in silence and in darkness breathed,  
Like a dim night-flower's odour, up to God.

*The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee  
peace, both now and evermore. Amen.*

#### THE PILGRIMAGE.

*Henry Vaughan.*

AS travellers when the twilight's come,  
And in the sky the stars appear,  
The past daie's accidents do summe  
With, "Thus we saw there, and thus here."

Then Jacob-like, lodge in a place,  
A place, and no more, is set down,  
Where till the day restore the race  
They rest and dream homes of their own.

So, for this night I linger here,  
And full of tossings to and fro,  
Expect still when Thou wilt appear,  
That I may get me up, and go.

I long and groan and grieve for Thee,  
For Thee my words, my tears do gush ;  
"O that I were but where I see !"  
Is all the note within my bush.

As birds robb'd of their native wood,  
Although their diet may be fine,  
Yet neither sing, nor like their food,  
But with the thought of home do pine ;

So do I mourn, and hang my head ;  
And though Thou dost me fulness give,  
Yet look I for far better bread,  
Because by this man cannot live.

O feed me then ! and since I may  
Have yet more days, more nights to count,  
So strengthen me, Lord, all the way,  
That I may travel to Thy mount.

PRAYER FOR A SICK CHILD.

© Almighty God, and merciful Father, to whom alone belong the issues of life and death; Look down from heaven, we humbly beseech Thee, with the eyes of mercy upon this child now lying upon the bed of sickness: Visit him, © Lord, with Thy salvation; deliver him in Thy good appointed time from his bodily pain, and save his soul for Thy mercies' sake: That, if it shall be Thy pleasure to prolong his days here on earth, he may live to Thee, and be an instrument of Thy glory, by serving Thee faithfully, and doing good in his generation; or else receive him into those heavenly habitations, where the souls of them that sleep in the Lord Jesus enjoy perpetual rest and felicity. Grant this, © Lord, for Thy mercies' sake, in the same Thy Son our Lord Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

⊙ Almighty God, and merciful Father, to whom alone belong the issues of life and death; Look down from heaven, we humbly beseech Thee, with the eyes of mercy upon this child now lying upon the bed of sickness:

BY THE BEDSIDE OF A SICK CHILD.

*J. S. Monsell.*

NOW all is done, that love, and care,  
And skilful kindness, could suggest;  
And He who heard our anxious prayer  
Will answer as His love deems best:  
O that both hopes and fears were still,  
Waiting on His mysterious will!

And yet both hopes and fears will crowd  
Around that bright and precious child;  
And both will speak their thoughts aloud,  
Till this distracted heart is wild:  
O might they all give place to one  
Heart-filling prayer, "God's will be done!"

Sometimes a dream of what may be,  
Comes like soft sunshine o'er this heart;  
I hear his prattle at my knee,  
Feel his warm cheek near mine, and start  
To find it—ah! so cold and pale  
That Hope (and well-nigh Faith) doth fail.

And then again the dream returns—  
Childhood and youth are safely o'er,  
His eye with manhood's ardour burns,  
Fears hover round his path no more :  
Hopes, with their buds and blossoms, all  
Burst where his bounding footsteps fall.

He seems to speak—with anxious ear  
My very heart waits breathless by ;  
His lips are parted—and I hear—  
—My precious babe, thy restless cry !—  
E'en Hope, affrighted, flees away,  
As if it had no heart to stay.

Come, then, my God, and take the place  
Of these distracting hopes and fears ;  
'Stablish this trembling heart with grace,  
Dry with Thine hand these falling tears ;  
And teach me to confide to Thee  
The treasure Thou couldst trust with me.

Happy if, rescued from the straight  
Of being called on to decide,  
Here with submissive soul I wait,  
By Thy decision to abide—  
—Life, with its blessings—and its pain,  
Or Death, with its—"To die is gain."



Look down from heaven, we humbly beseech Thee, with the  
eyes of mercy upon this child now lying upon the bed of sick-  
ness:

THE SICK ROOM.

WATCHING, through the silent hours,  
By the unrefreshèd bed,  
Where disease arrays his powers,  
Whence repose is banished,  
Where time halteth, sad and slow,  
Thou art with me, Lord, I know.

When the vital forces seem  
Dwindled to as faint a spark  
As the taper's sickly gleam,  
Making darkness doubly dark—  
Lord! I bless Thee that Thou art  
Near, to stay the sinking heart.

When the flame, reviving, burns  
Gently, and at sleep's soft touch  
Anguish yields, and hope returns,  
Dove-like, to the smoothèd couch—  
With an anxious deep-drawn sigh,  
Lord, I praise Thee, ever nigh.

In the dim religious gloom,  
Where 'expressive silence' broods  
O'er the closely curtained room,  
Nor a stirring breath intrudes—

As in silent prayer I kneel,  
Thou art present, Lord, I feel.

When reluctant hope is fled,  
When the pulses beat no more,  
And the last farewell is said,  
And the war of life is o'er—  
Lord, both the spirit and the dust  
Of our beloved, to Thee we trust.

Or else receive him into those heavenly habitations, where  
the souls of them that sleep in the Lord Jesus enjoy perpetual  
rest and felicity.

#### ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

*J. S. Monsell.*

WHY dost thou weep? say can it be  
Because for ever blest—and free  
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain,  
Thy babe shall never weep again;  
Shall never feel, shall never know  
E'en half thy little load of woe?

What was thy prayer, when his first smile  
Did thy young mother-heart beguile?  
When his first cry was in thine ear,  
And on thy cheek his first warm tear,  
And to thy heart at first were prest  
The throbblings of his little breast?

What was thy prayer? canst thou not now  
See in his bright cherubic brow,  
Hear in his soft seraphic strain,  
So full of joy, so free from pain,  
An answer (as if God did speak),  
To all thy love had dared to seek?

Why therefore weep, when all the cares,  
The doubts, the troubles, and the snares,  
The threatening clouds, the falling tears,  
Childhood's wild hopes, and manhood's fears,  
That might have been for him, for thee,  
Have past away, and ne'er shall be?

No thorns of earth had pierced his feet,  
No bitter tempests round him beat,  
No rains upon his head descended,  
But one soft gush of tears, that blended  
With the bright sacramental shower,  
And drove him to the heavenly bower.

He scarcely suffered, then was crowned,  
Was scarcely lost, till he was found,  
And scarcely heaved one mortal sigh,  
Then entered immortality—  
A child of thine, a child of bliss!  
Why therefore weep for joy like this?

Nay, rather strive to praise the love  
That could so tenderly reprove,

That, when it wounded, left no sting  
Of self-consuming suffering ;  
But with thy profit, linked the joy  
Of thy beloved and sainted Boy.

The souls of them that sleep in the Lord Jesus enjoy  
perpetual rest and felicity.

*Sir Aubrey de Vere.*

OF T have I thought, they err who having lost  
That love-gift of our youth, an infant child,  
Yield the faint heart to those emotions wild  
With which, too oft, strong memory is crost ;  
Shrinking with sudden gasp, as if a ghost  
Frowned in their path. Not thus the precepts mild  
Of Jesus teach ; which never yet beguiled  
Men with vain promises. God loves us most  
When chastening us : and He who conquered Death  
Permits not that we still deem death a curse.  
The font is man's true tomb ; the grave his nurse  
For Heaven, and feeder with immortal breath.  
O grieve not for the dead ! none pass from earth  
Too soon : God then fulfils His purpose in our birth !

Or else receive him into those heavenly habitations, where the souls of them that sleep in the Lord Jesus enjoy perpetual rest and felicity.

*Elegiac Poems.*

WHERE is this infant? it is gone—  
To whom? to Christ, its Saviour true.  
What does He for it? He goes on  
As He has ever done, to do—  
He blesses, He embraces without end,  
And to all children proves the tenderest friend.

He loves to have the little ones  
Upon His lap quite close and near;  
And thus their glass so swiftly runs,  
And they so little while are here:  
He gave—He takes them when He thinks it best  
For them to come to Him and take their rest.

However 'tis a great delight  
Awhile to see such little princes,  
All drest in linen fine and white,  
A beauty which escapes the senses:  
The pure Lamb dwells in them—His majesty  
Makes their sweet eyes to sparkle gloriously.

Be therefore thanked, Thou dearest Lamb,  
That we this precious child have seen,  
And that Thy blood and Jesu's name  
To it a glittering robe have been:

We thank Thee too that Thou hast brought it home,  
That it so soon all dangers hath o'ercome.

Dear child, so live thou happily  
In Christ, who was thy faith's beginner ;  
Rejoice in Him eternally,  
With each redeemed and happy sinner ;  
We bury thee in hope—the Lamb once slain  
Will raise, and we shall see thee yet again.

*The souls of them that sleep in the Lord Jesus enjoy  
perpetual rest and felicity.*

EPITAPH IN THE CHURCHYARD OF HERNE.

*J. Moultrie.*

SWEET babe, from griefs and dangers  
Rest here for ever free ;  
We leave thy dust with strangers,  
But O, we leave not *thee*.

Thy mortal sweetness, smitten  
To scourge our souls from sin,  
Is on our memory written,  
And treasured deep therein ;

While that which is immortal  
Fond hope doth still retain,  
And saith, "at heaven's bright portal  
Ye all shall meet again."

Those heavenly habitations, where the souls of them that sleep in the Lord Jesus enjoy perpetual rest and felicity.

*S. Wilberforce.*

I NEVER watched upon a wilder night—  
The maddened hurricane swept fiercely by,  
And shook his sounding wings—Impatiently,  
As wrathful men in anguish, for his flight  
The tossing trees bowed down their heads of might.  
To the rude war of earth, and sea, and sky,  
I scarce could close at last my weary eye :—  
Again I look, before the morning light,  
And all is changed—In softest lullabies  
The breeze just whispers ; o'er the countless ranks  
Of Heaven's great host the mildest moonlight lies,  
Like some broad stream fast sleeping in its banks.  
The deep calm spake of rest in Paradise ;  
I thought upon my dead—and gave God thanks.


The souls of them that sleep in the Lord Jesus enjoy  
perpetual rest and felicity.

THE SLEEP.

PSALM CXXVII. 2.

*Elizabeth B. Barrett.*

OF all the thoughts of God that are  
Borne inward unto souls afar,



Along the Psalmist's music deep—  
Now tell me if that any is,  
For gift or grace, surpassing this—  
“He giveth His beloved, sleep?”

What would we give to *our* beloved?  
The hero's heart, to be unmoved—  
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep—  
The senate's shout for patriot vows—  
The monarch's crown to light the brows?  
“He giveth His beloved, sleep.”

What do we give to our beloved?  
A little faith, not all unproved—  
A little dust, to overweep—  
And bitter memories, to make  
The whole earth blasted for our sake?  
“He giveth His beloved, sleep.”

Sleep soft, beloved! we sometimes say,  
But have no power to charm away  
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:  
But never doleful dream again  
Shall break the happy slumber, when  
“He giveth His beloved, sleep.”

O earth, so full of dreary noises!  
O men, with wailing in your voices!  
O delved gold, the wailers heap!  
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!  
God makes a silence through you all,  
And “giveth His beloved, sleep.”



His dews drop mutely on the hill ;  
His cloud above it, saileth still,  
Though on its slope men toil and reap !  
More softly than the dew is shed,  
Or cloud is floated overhead,  
“ He giveth His belovèd, sleep.”

Yea ! men may wonder, while they scan  
A living, thinking, feeling man  
Sufficient such a rest to keep ;  
But angels say—and through the word  
The motion of their smile is heard—  
“ He giveth His belovèd, sleep.”

For me, my heart,—that erst did go  
Most like a tired child at a show,  
Seeing through tears the juggler leap—  
Would fain its wearied vision close,  
And childlike on His love repose,  
Who “ giveth His belovèd, sleep.”

And friends !—dear friends,—when it shall be  
That this low breath is gone from me,—  
When round my bier ye come to weep ;  
Let one, most loving of you all,  
Say, “ Not a tear must o’er her fall—  
“ He giveth His belovèd, sleep.”

Our Lord Jesus Christ, who lieth and reigneth with  
Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God.

## AN EASTER HYMN.

*T. Blackburne.*

A WAKE, thou wintry earth,  
Fling off thy sadness ;  
Fair vernal flower, laugh forth  
Your ancient gladness :  
Christ is risen.

Wave, woods, your blossoms all,  
Grim death is dead ;  
Ye weeping funeral trees,  
Lift up your head :  
Christ is risen.

Come, see, the graves are green ;  
It is light ; let's go  
Where our loved ones rest  
In hope below :  
Christ is risen.

All is fresh and new,  
Full of spring and light ;  
Wintry heart, why wearest the hue  
Of sleep and night ?  
Christ is risen.

Leave thy cares beneath,  
Leave thy worldly love ;  
Begin the better life  
With God above :  
Christ is risen.

A PRAYER FOR A SICK PERSON, WHEN THERE  
APPEARETH SMALL HOPE OF RECOVERY.

○ Father of mercies, and God of all comfort, our only help in time of need ; We fly unto Thee for succour in behalf of this Thy servant, here lying under Thy hand in great weakness of body. Look graciously upon him, ○ Lord ; and the more the outward man decayeth, strengthen him, we beseech Thee, so much the more continually with Thy grace and holy Spirit in the inner man. Give him unfeigned repentance for all the errors of his life past, and stedfast faith in Thy Son Jesus ; that his sins may be done away by Thy mercy, and his pardon sealed in heaven, before he go hence, and be no more seen. We know, ○ Lord, that there is no word impossible with Thee ; and that, if Thou wilt, Thou canst even yet raise him up, and grant him a long continuance amongst us : Yet, forasmuch as in all appearance the time of his dissolution draweth near, so fit and prepare him, we beseech Thee, against the hour of death, that after his departure hence in peace, and in Thy favour, his soul may be received into Thine everlasting kingdom, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, Thine only Son, our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

⊙ Father of mercies, and God of all comfort, our only  
help in time of need ;

*J. S. Monseil.*

WHEN friend from friend is parting,  
And in each speaking eye  
The silent tears are starting,  
To tell what words deny ;  
How could we bear the heavy load  
Of such heart-agony,  
Could we not cast it all, our God,  
Our gracious God, on Thee ?  
And feel that Thou kind watch wilt keep  
When we are far away ;  
That Thou wilt soothe us when we weep,  
And hear us when we pray.

Yet oft these hearts will whisper,  
That better 'twould betide,  
If we were near the friends we love,  
And watching by their side :  
But sure Thou'lt love them dearer, Lord,  
For trusting Thee alone ;  
And sure Thou wilt draw nearer, Lord,  
The further we are gone.  
Then why be sad ? since Thou wilt keep  
Watch o'er them day by day :  
Since Thou wilt soothe *them* when they weep,  
And hear *us* when we pray.

O for that bright and happy land,  
Where, far amidst the blest,  
"The wicked cease from troubling, and  
The weary are at rest ;"  
Where friends are never parted,  
Once met around Thy throne ;  
And none are broken-hearted,  
Since all, with Thee, are one !  
Yet O, till then, watch o'er us keep,  
While far from Thee away ;  
And soothe us, Lord, oft as we weep,  
And hear us when we pray.

*The more the outward man decayeth, strengthen him, we beseech Thee, so much the more continually with Thy grace and holy Spirit in the inner man.*

*From Sintram.*

WHEN death is coming near,  
When thy heart shrinks in fear,  
And thy limbs fail ;  
Then raise thy hands and pray  
To Him who smooths thy way  
Through the dark vale.  
Seest thou the eastern dawn ?  
Hear'st thou in the red morn  
The angels' song ?  
O lift thy drooping head,  
Thou who in gloom and dread  
Hast lain so long.

Death comes to set thee free,  
O meet him cheerily  
    As thy true friend,  
And all thy fears shall cease,  
And in eternal peace,  
    Thy penance end.

*The more the outward man decapeth, strengthen him, we beseech Thee, so much the more continually with Thy grace and holy Spirit in the inner man.*

*H. F. Lyte.*

**A**BIDE with me ! Fast falls the eventide ;  
The darkness thickens ; Lord, with me abide.  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away :  
Change and decay in all around I see ;  
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me !

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,  
But as Thou dwelt'st with Thy disciples, Lord,  
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,  
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me.

Come, not in terrors, as the King of kings ;  
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings,

Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea,  
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus bide with me.

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,  
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,  
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee,  
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me !

I need Thy presence every passing hour :  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?  
Through cloud, and sunshine, O, abide with me !

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless,  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness :  
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes ;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies !  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows<sup>1</sup>  
flee !

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

The more the outward man decapeth, strengthen him, we beseech Thee, so much the more continually with Thy grace and holy Spirit in the inner man.

*Bishop Jebb.*

THOU, whose all-enlivening ray  
Can turn my darkness into day,  
Disperse, great God, my mental gloom,  
And with Thyself my soul illumine.  
Tho' gathering sorrows swell my breast,  
Speak but the word—and peace and rest  
Shall set my troubled spirit free,  
In sweet communion, Lord, with Thee.  
What tho' in this heart-searching hour,  
Thou dim'st my intellectual power ;  
The gracious discipline I own,  
And wisdom seek at Thy blest throne ;  
A wisdom not of earthly mould,  
Not such as learned volumes hold,  
Not selfish, arrogant, and vain,  
That chills the heart and fires the brain :  
But, Father of eternal light,  
In fixt and changeless glory bright,  
I seek the wisdom from above,  
Pure, peaceful, gentle, fervent love.  
Let love divine my bosom sway,  
And then my darkness will be day ;  
No doubts, no fears, shall heave my breast,  
For God Himself will be my rest.



The more the outward man decayeth, strengthen him, we beseech Thee, so much the more continually with Thy grace and holy Spirit in the inner man.

## PAIN.

*From "The Dove on the Cross."*

JESUS, Saviour, sympathize  
With Thy servant's agonies ;  
In Thy life-time Thou hast known  
Racking pains that made Thee moan—  
Pain of body, grief of mind,  
Shame, and suffering, combined.

With Thy sanctifying hand  
Touch me gently, and command  
Some soft drops of dewy balm,  
To be shed with potent charm ;  
Comfort was to Thee imparted,  
Comfort Thou the broken-hearted.

Pain ! what power within thee lies,  
Mystery of mysteries ;  
That the Holy and the Just,  
Even Christ our Saviour must,  
Ere He gain full power to bless,  
Taste thee in thy bitterness ?

Not alone the token thou,  
Of an angry Father's brow :

Rather of His willingness,  
To renew, receive, and bless ;  
Welcome then be thou to me,  
In thy sharpest agony.

Only in that solemn hour,  
Let me feel, O God of power,  
That Thy gentle hand alone,  
Gives the pain that makes me moan ;  
High experience let me gain,  
Fortitude in suffering pain.

Give him . . . steadfast faith in Thy Son Jesus ; that his  
sins may be done away by Thy mercy, and his pardon sealed  
in heaven, before he go hence,

WRITTEN AT THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

*G. Sandys.*

SAVIOUR of Mankind, Man, Emmanuel !  
Who sinless died for sin ; who vanquish'd hell :  
The first fruits of the grave : whose life did give  
Light to our darkness ; in whose death we live :—  
O strengthen Thou my faith, convert my will,  
That mine may Thine obey ; protect me still,  
So that the latter death may not devour  
My soul, seal'd with Thy seal.—So, in that hour,

When Thou (whose body sanctified this tomb)  
Unjustly judged,—a glorious Judge shall come  
To judge the world with justice, by that sign  
I may be known, and entertained for Thine. '

If Thou wilt, Thou canst yet raise him up, and grant  
him a longer continuance amongst us :

#### THE BORDER-LANDS.

*From "The Dove on the Cross."*

FATHER, into Thy loving hands,  
My feeble spirit I commit,  
While wandering in these Border-Lands  
Until Thy voice shall summon it.

Father, I would not dare to choose  
A longer life, an earlier death ;  
I know not what my soul might lose  
By shortened or protracted breath.

These Border-Lands are calm and still,  
And solemn are their silent shades ;  
And my heart welcomes them, until  
The light of life's long evening fades.

I heard them spoken of with dread,  
As fearful and unquiet places ;  
Shades, where the living and the dead  
Look sadly in each other's faces.

But since Thy hand hath led me here,  
And I have seen the Border-Land ;  
Seen the dark river flowing near,  
Stood on its brink, as now I stand,

There has been nothing to alarm  
My trembling soul ; how could I fear  
While thus encircled with Thine arm ?  
I never felt Thee half so near.

What should appal me in a place,  
That brings me hourly nearer Thee ?  
When I may almost see Thy face—  
Surely 'tis here my soul would be.

They say the waves are dark and deep,  
That faith has perished in the river ;  
They speak of death with fear, and weep.  
Shall my soul perish ? Never, never.

I know that Thou wilt never leave  
The soul that trembles while it clings  
To Thee : I know Thou wilt achieve  
Its passage on Thine outspread wings.

And since I first was brought so near  
The stream that flows to the Dead Sea,  
I think that it has grown more clear  
And shallow than it used to be.

I cannot see the golden gate  
Unfolding yet to welcome me ;  
I cannot yet anticipate  
The joy of heaven's jubilee.

But I will calmly watch and pray,  
Until I hear my Saviour's voice,  
Calling my happy soul away  
To see His glory, and rejoice.

*Forasmuch as in all appearance the time of his dissolution  
draweth near, so fit and prepare him, we beseech Thee, against  
the hour of death,*

THE SECOND DAY OF CREATION.

*T. Whytehead.*

THIS world I deem  
But a beautiful dream  
Of shadows that are not what they seem ;  
Where visions rise,  
Giving dim surmise  
Of the things that shall meet our waking eyes.

Arm of the Lord !  
Creating Word !  
Whose glory the silent skies record,  
Where stands Thy name  
In scrolls of flame,  
On the firmament's high-shadowing frame !

I gaze o'erhead,  
Where Thy hand hath spread  
For the waters of Heaven that crystal bed,  
And stored the dew  
In its deeps of blue,  
Which the fires of the sun come tempered through.

Soft they shine  
Through that pure shrine,  
As beneath the veil of Thy flesh divine  
Beams forth the light,  
That were else too bright  
For the feebleness of a sinner's sight.

And such I deem  
This world will seem  
When we waken from life's mysterious dream,  
And burst the shell  
Where our spirits dwell  
In their wondrous ante-natal cell.

I gaze aloof  
On the tissued roof,  
Where time and space are the warp and woof,  
Which the King of kings  
As a curtain flings  
O'er the dreadfulness of eternal things—

A tapestried tent,  
To shade us meant  
From the bare everlasting firmament ;

Where the blaze of the skies  
Comes soft to our eyes  
Through a veil of mystical imageries.

But could I see,  
As in truth they be,  
The glories of Heaven that encompass me,  
I should lightly hold  
The tissued fold  
Of that marvellous curtain of blue and gold.

Soon the whole,  
Like a parchèd scroll,  
Shall before my amazed sight uproll,  
And without a screen,  
At one burst be seen,  
The Presence wherein I have ever been.

O ! who shall bear  
The blinding glare  
Of the Majesty that shall meet us there ?  
What eye may gaze  
On the unveil'd blaze  
Of the light-girdled throne of the Ancient of days ?  
Christ us aid !  
Himself be our shade,  
That in that dread day we be not dismay'd.

Forasmuch as to all appearance the time of his dissolution  
draweth near,

## CONSUMPTION.

*From "The Dove on the Cross."*

JESUS ! my breath is failing—lead me on  
Softly and gently, as my strength can bear ;  
Draw me to Thee in closer union,  
And for eternal life Thy child prepare.  
Let Thy love shine upon my soul, and chase  
This mistiness and darkness quite away,  
Till Faith discerns her holy resting-place  
Distinctly, in the perfect light of day.  
Robe me in snowy raiment ; store my heart  
With precious jewels from Thy treasury.  
This world is not my rest, let me depart  
And let my ransomed soul return to Thee.  
Well may I trust Thee, who Thyself hast given  
To gain for me the peace and bliss of heaven.

Fit and prepare him, we beseech Thee, against the hour of  
death,

## THE DAY OF DEATH.

*R. C. Trench.*

THOU inevitable day,  
When a voice to me shall say—  
"Thou must rise and come away ;



“All thine other journeys past,  
Gird thee, and make ready fast  
For thy longest and thy last”—

Day deep-hidden from our sight  
In impenetrable night,  
Who may guess of thee aright?

Art thou distant, art thou near?  
Wilt thou seem more dark or clear?  
Day with more of hope or fear?

Wilt thou come, not seen before  
Thou art standing at the door,  
Saying—Light and life are o'er?

Or with such a gradual pace,  
As shall leave me largest space  
To regard thee face to face?

Shall I lay my drooping head  
On some loved lap; round my bed  
Prayer be made, and tears be shed?

Or at distance from mine own,  
Name and kin alike unknown,  
Make my solitary moan?

Will there yet be things to leave,  
Hearts to which this heart must cleave,  
From which, parting, it must grieve;

Or shall life's best ties be o'er,  
And all loved things gone before  
To that other happier shore?  
Shall I gently fall on sleep,  
Death, like slumber, o'er me creep,  
Like a slumber sweet and deep?  
Or the soul long strive in vain  
To get free, with toil and pain,  
From its half-divided chain?  
Little skills it where or how,  
If thou comest then or now,  
With a smooth or angry brow;  
Come thou must, and we must die—  
Jesus, Saviour, stand Thou by,  
When that last sleep seals our eye.

*That after his departure hence in peace, and in Thy favour,  
his soul may be received into Thine everlasting kingdom.*

#### THE PRAYER.

*Jeremy Taylor.*

**M**Y soul doth pant towards Thee,  
My God! source of eternal life!  
Flesh fights with me;  
O end the strife,  
And part us, that in peace I may  
Unclay  
My wearied spirit, and take  
My flight to Thy eternal spring,

Where for His sake,  
Who is my King,  
I may wash all my tears away,  
That day.—

Thou conqueror of death,  
Glorious triumpher o'er the grave,  
Whose holy breath  
Was spent to save  
Lost mankind, make me to be stiled  
Thy child ;  
And take me when I die,  
And go unto my dust ; my soul,  
Above the sky,  
With saints enrol :  
That in Thy arms for ever I  
May lie.

Amen.


That after his departure hence in peace, and in Thy favour,  
his soul may be received into Thine everlasting kingdom.

“SOON—AND FOR EVER.”

“HER DYING WORDS TO HER HUSBAND WERE: ‘SOON—AND  
FOR EVER.’”—MANUSCRIPT LETTER.

*Rev. J. S. Monsell.*

“SOON—and for ever!”  
Such promise our trust,  
Though ashes to ashes,  
And dust unto dust ;



Soon—and for ever  
Our union shall be  
Made perfect, our glorious  
Redeemer, in Thee.  
When the sins and the sorrows  
Of time shall be o'er ;  
Its pangs and its partings  
Remembered no more ;  
When life cannot fail,  
And when death cannot sever,  
Christians with Christ shall be  
Soon—and for ever.

Soon—and for ever  
The breaking of day  
Shall drive all the night clouds  
Of sorrow away.  
Soon—and for ever  
We'll see as we're seen,  
And learn the deep meaning  
Of things that have been.  
When fightings, without us,  
And fears from within,  
Shall weary no more  
In the warfare of sin.  
Where tears, and where fears,  
And where death shall be—never,  
Christians with Christ shall be  
Soon—and for ever.

Soon—and for ever  
The work shall be done,

The warfare accomplished,  
The victory won.  
Soon—and for ever  
The soldier lay down  
His sword for a harp,  
And his cross for a crown.  
Then droop not in sorrow,  
Despond not in fear,  
A glorious to-morrow  
Is brightening and near ;  
When—blessed reward  
Of each faithful endeavour,  
Christians with Christ shall be  
Soon—and for ever.

So fit and prepare him . . . that after his departure hence  
in peace, and in Thy favour, his soul may be received into  
Thine everlasting kingdom.

*"The Hours."*

O GOD, unchangeable and true,  
Of all the life and power,  
Dispensing light in silence through  
Every successive hour.

Lord, brighten our declining day,  
That it may never wane,  
Till death, when all things else decay,  
Brings back the morn again.

This grace on Thy redeemed confer,  
Father, coequal Son,  
And Holy Ghost the Comforter ;  
Eternal Three in One.

That after his departure hence in peace, and in Thy favour,  
his soul may be received into Thine everlasting kingdom,  
through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ Thine only  
Son, our Lord and Saviour :

HEAVEN.

*Jeremy Taylor.*

O BEAUTEOUS God ! uncircumscribed treasure  
Of an eternal pleasure !  
Thy throne is seated far  
Above the highest star ;  
Where Thou prepar'st a glorious place  
Within the brightness of Thy face,  
For every spirit  
To inherit,  
That builds his hopes upon Thy merit,  
And loves Thee with a holy charity.

What ravished heart, seraphic tongues, or eyes,  
Clear as the morning's rise,  
Can speak, or think, or see  
That bright eternity ?



## II.

Here I repent, and sin again ;  
Now I revive, and now am slain :  
Slain with the same unhappy dart,  
Which, O ! too often wounds my heart.

## III.

When, dearest Lord, when shall I be  
A garden seal'd to all but Thee ?  
No more expos'd, no more undone ;  
But live, and grow to Thee alone ?

## IV.

'Tis not, alas ! on this low earth  
That such pure flowers can find a birth :  
Only they spring above the skies,  
Where none can live till here he dies.

## V.

Then let me die, that I may go,  
And dwell where those bright lilies grow !  
Where those blest plants of glory rise,  
And make a safer paradise.

## VI.

No dangerous fruit, no tempting Eve :  
No crafty serpent to deceive ;  
But we like gods indeed shall be ;—  
Oh ! let me die that life to see.

## VII.

Thus says my song : but does my heart  
Join with the words, and sing its part ?



Am I so thorough wise to choose  
The other world, and this refuse?

## VIII.

Why should I not? What do I find  
That fully here contents my mind?  
What is this meat, and drink, and sleep,  
That such poor things from heaven should keep?

## IX.

What is this honour, or great place,  
Or bag of money, or fair face?  
What's all the world, that thus we should  
Still long to dwell with flesh and blood?

## X.

Fear not, my soul; stand to thy word,  
Which thou hast sung to thy dear Lord;  
Let but thy love be firm and true,  
And with more heat thy wish renew.

## XI.

Oh may this dying life make haste  
To die into true life at last;  
No hope have I to live before,  
But then to live, and die no more.

## XII.

Great, ever-living God, to Thee,  
In essence one, in Persons three;  
May all Thy works their tribute bring,  
And every age Thy glory sing.

Amen.

A COMMENDATORY PRAYER FOR A SICK PERSON AT THE POINT OF DEPARTURE.

© Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of just men made perfect, after they are delivered from their earthly prisons ; We humbly commend the soul of this Thy servant, our dear brother, into Thy hands, as into the hands of a faithful Creator, and most merciful Saviour ; most humbly beseeching Thee, that it may be precious in Thy sight. Wash it, we pray Thee, in the blood of that immaculate Lamb, that was slain to take away the sins of the world ; that whatsoever defilements it may have contracted in the midst of this miserable and naughty world, through the lusts of the flesh, or the wiles of Satan, being purged and done away, it may be presented pure and without spot before Thee. And teach us who survive, in this and other like daily spectacles of mortality, to see how frail and uncertain our own condition is ; and so to number our days, that we may seriously apply our hearts to that holy and heavenly wisdom, whilst we live here, which may in the end bring us to life everlasting, through the merits of Jesus Christ Thine only Son our Lord. Amen.

© Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of just men made perfect, after they are delivered from their earthly prisons ;

*Habington.*

YOU spirits, that have thrown away  
That envious weight of clay,  
Which your celestial flight denied ;  
Who by your glorious troopes supply  
The wingèd hierarchie,  
So broken in the angells' pride.

O you, whom your Creator's sight  
Inebriates with delight ;  
Sing forth the triumphs of His name,  
All you enamored soules ; agree  
In a loud symphonie,  
To give expression to your flame.

To Him His owne works relate,  
Who daigned to elevate  
You 'bove the frailtie of your birth ;  
Where you stand safe from that rude warre,  
With which we troubled are  
By the rebellion of our earth.

While a corrupted air beneath  
Here in this world we breathe,

Each hour some passion us assailes :  
Now lust casts wild fire in the blood,  
Or, that it may seeme good,  
Itselfe in wit or beauty vailles.

Then envie circles us with hate,  
And layes a siege so streight,  
No heavenly succour enters in :  
But, if revenge admittance finde,  
For ever hath the mind  
Made forfeit of itselfe to sinne.

Assaulted thus, how dare we raise  
Our minds to thinke His praise,  
Who is eternall and immense?  
How dare we force our feeble wit  
To speak Him infinite,  
So farre above the search of sence?

O you who are immaculate,  
His name may celebrate  
In your soules' bright expansion :  
You whom your vertues did unite  
To His perpetual light,  
That even with Him you now shine one.

While we, who t'earth contract our hearts,  
And only studie arts  
To shorten the sad length of time :  
In place of joyes, bring humble feares ;  
For hymnes, repentant teares ;  
And a new sigh for every crime.

☉ Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of just men made perfect, after they are delivered from their earthly prisons ;

DESIRE OF HEAVEN.

*Ascribed to Francis Taylor.*

**O** LONG to be installed in the throne  
Of endless glory ; let thy spirit groan  
After a full and plenary possession  
Of blessedness transcending all expression.  
Be like the bird of Paradise, which (they say)  
Being entangled in the snare, straightway  
Begins to strive, and never giveth o'er  
Till she enjoy her freedom as before.  
Sing Simeon's swan-like song at his decease—  
“ Lord, let Thy servant now depart in peace.”  
Welcome the messenger of death, which brings  
Most joyful tidings from the King of kings ;  
Which tells the saints of an approaching crown  
Of matchless glory, honour, and renown.  
Death is the chariot, which without delay,  
Saints to their Father's house bears swift away.  
Death is, to humble penitents, no less  
Than a short entrance into happiness.  
Death is the saints' ascension, day of bliss,  
Their marriage-day with Jesus Christ it is.  
Death is the charter of their liberty,  
The period of their pain and misery :

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Death gives them an immunity from sin,  
And frees them from the fears they once were in.  
Death is the bane of woe, the grave of vice,  
The portal opening into Paradise ;  
Where grace, that in the bud was here below,  
Into the flower of glory straight shall blow ;  
Where saints' immortal souls, made more divine,  
Shall with the diamonds of perfection shine ;  
Where they, to their unspeakable delight,  
Of God Himself shall have a perfect sight ;  
Where, in their wills, there shall a likeness be  
To God, in holiness and purity ;  
Where, having shot the gulf of death, they shall  
Wear on their heads a crown imperial ;  
Where the rich caskets of their souls shall be  
O'erlaid with glory's best embroidery ;  
Where no contaminating tincture e'er  
Shall their unspotted purity besmear ;  
Where God Himself unto the saints shall be  
A spring of life to perpetuity ;  
Where they shall in the fragrant bosom lie  
Of their Belovèd to eternity ;  
Where the enamel of their glory shall  
Never wear off, nor soiled be at all ;  
Where they a glorious kingdom shall receive,  
Of which no power on earth can them bereave ;  
Where they their safety shall behold from all  
Insulting foes, and their eternal thrall ;  
Where they shall be partakers of that joy  
Which will them satisfy, but never cloy ;

Where Baca unto Beracha<sup>1</sup> shall be  
 Converted, mourning into melody—  
 Where brinish tears shall never dim their eyes,  
 Nor shall their ears be frighted more with cries;  
 Where sorrows ne'er shall damp their hearts again,  
 Nor shall their senses be disturb'd with pain;  
 Where length of years, without the least decay  
 Of strength, they shall enjoy; yea, where for aye  
 They shall be blessed with the love of many,  
 And need not fear the jealousy of any;  
 Where for their labour a "quietus est"  
 Each saint shall have, and ever be at rest;  
 Where life and immortality they shall  
 Have, for their death in Christ, and Christ for all.

⊙ Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of just men made perfect, after they are delivered from their earthly prisons;

#### SEVENTH DAY OF CREATION.

(PART.)

*T. Whytehead.*

SABBATH of the saints of old,  
 Day of mysteries manifold,  
 By the great Creator blest,  
 Type of His eternal rest;

<sup>1</sup> Baca—weeping; Beracha—blessing. See Psalm lxxxiv. 6, and 2 Chron. xx. 26.

I with thoughts of Thee would seek  
To sanctify the closing week.

Resting from His work, the Lord  
Spake to-day the hallowing word :  
And, His wondrous labours done,  
Now the everlasting Son  
Gave to heaven and earth the sign  
Of a wonder more divine :

Resting from His work, to-day  
In the tomb the Saviour lay,  
His sacred form from head to feet  
Swathèd in the winding-sheet,  
Lying in the rock alone,  
Hid beneath the sealèd stone.

All the seventh day long, I ween,  
Mournful watch'd the Magdalene,  
Rising early, resting late,  
By the sepulchre to wait,  
In the holy garden glade  
Where her buried Lord was laid.

So as closed the Sabbath night  
In Goshen watched the Israelite,  
Staff in hand, in pilgrim guise,  
By the slaughtered sacrifice,  
Waiting till the midnight cry  
Signal gave that God was nigh :



Is with Thee all the soul and  
 — would solemnly thy spirit  
 For the new Tree, Lord, I entreat,  
 It has only root in mine.  
 Voice is now pronounced and  
 Yours are these days ever dwell.

Myth and mine I will bring,  
 My year affection's offering,  
 Come the hour from sight and sound  
 Of the new world around.  
 And it patient wait remain  
 Till my Lord answer again.

Then, the new creation done,  
 Shall be Thy endless rest begun :  
 Jesu, keep me safe from sin,  
 That I with them may enter in,  
 And danger past, and toil at end,  
 To Thy resting-place ascend.

We humbly commend the soul of this Thy servant, our  
 dear brother, into Thy hands,

DUST TO DUST.

R. C. Trench.

O ! ! blessing, wearing semblance of a curse,  
 We fear thee, thou stern sentence—yet to be  
 linked to immortal bodies, were far worse  
 'Than thus to be set free.

For mingling with the life-blood, through each vein  
The venom of the Serpent's bite has run,  
And only thus might be expelled again—  
Thus only health be won.

Shall we not then a gracious sentence own,  
Now since the leprosy has fretted through  
The entire house, that Thou wilt take it down,  
And build it all anew?

Build it this time (since Thou wilt build again,)  
An holy house where righteousness may dwell;  
And we, though in the unbuilding there be pain,  
Will still affirm,—'Tis well.

We humbly commend the soul of this Thy servant, our  
dear brother, into Thy hands, as into the hands of a faithful  
Creator.

#### DYING TO THE WORLD.

*Bishop Ken.*

MY soul lives but a stranger here,  
My country is the heavenly sphere :  
While God here wills my stay,  
His grace my powers shall sway.  
Death ! when for me you are designed,  
But little work in me you'll find.

My all is God's possession grown,  
I nothing keep to call my own :  
If any self you see  
Remaining still in me,  
O! that should long ago have died,  
Had I the lurking ill descried.

Perhaps you'll at my body aim—  
But that's devoted to God's name ;  
God there is pleased to build  
A temple, with God filled ;  
Dare you to ruin that design,  
Which temple is of Godhead trine ?

By God's permission yet you may  
Dissolve this house built up of clay—  
In ruin when it lies,  
It glorious shall arise ;  
And rise to a much nobler height,  
Than the first temple, much more bright.

Should you my heaven-born soul attempt—  
*That* from your terrors lives exempt ;  
You ne'er, with all your skill,  
Could souls immortal kill :  
You need not me and world divide,  
I long ago the world denied.

I have prevented all your force,  
Which from my friends might me divorce—

To friends, though truly dear,  
My heart dares not adhere :  
No perfect friend but God I know,  
For God I all the rest forego.

Should you invade me, armed with pain,  
And make me numerous deaths sustain,  
My will, to God resigned,  
Sweet ease in God will find ;  
God's love will all my pains endear,  
With joy my dissolution's near.

Death ! when you shall approach my head,  
You'll nothing see but what is dead ;  
Yet do not me forsake,  
Care of my body take ;  
Lay me with gentle hand asleep—  
God in the grave my dust will keep.

*We humbly commend the soul of this Thy servant . . . into  
Thy hands,*

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

*Herrick.*

**I**N the hour of my distress,  
When temptations me oppress,  
And when I my sins confess,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When I lie within my bed,  
Sick in heart, and sick in head,  
And with doubts disquieted,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

And when the house doth sigh and weep,  
And the world is drowned in sleep,  
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the passing bell doth toll,  
And the furies in a shoal  
Come to fright my parting soul,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the priest his last has prayed,  
And I nod to what is said,  
'Cause my speech is now decayed,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When God knows I'm tossed about,  
Either with despair or doubt,  
Yet before the glass be out,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the tapers now burn blue,  
And the comforters are few,  
And that number more than true,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the tempter me pursueth  
With the sins of all my youth,  
And half damns me with untruth,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the flames and hellish cries  
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,  
And all terrors me surprise,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is revealed,  
And that opened which was sealed,  
When to Thee I have appealed,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

We humbly commend the soul of this Thy servant . . . into  
Thy hands, as into the hands of a faithful Creator,

*R. C. Trench.*

WHEN hearts are full of yearning tenderness  
For the loved absent whom we cannot  
reach  
By deed or token, gesture or kind speech—  
The spirit's true affection to express;  
When hearts are full of innermost distress,  
And we are doomed to stand inactive by,  
Watching the soul's or body's agony,  
Which human effort helps not to make less—  
Then, like a cup, capacious to contain

The overflowings of the heart, is prayer :  
 The longing of the soul is satisfied,  
 The keenest darts of anguish blunted are ;  
 And though we cannot cease to yearn or grieve,  
 Yet we have learned in patience to abide.

That whatsoever defilements it may have contracted . . .  
 being purged and done away, it may be presented pure and  
 without spot before Thee.

#### OF DIVINE LOVE.

*Waller.*

**I**MPENDENT death, and guilt that threatens  
 hell,  
 Are dreadful guests, which here with mortals dwell ;  
 And a vexed conscience, mingling with their joy  
 Thoughts of despair, does their whole life annoy ;  
 But love appearing, all those terrors fly ;  
 We live contented, and contented die.  
 They in whose breast this sacred love has place,  
 Death, as a passage to their joy, embrace.  
 Clouds and thick vapours, which obscure the day,  
 The sun's victorious beams may chase away :  
 Those which our life corrupt and darken, love  
 (The nobler star !) must from the soul remove.  
 Spots are observed in that which bounds the year,  
 This brighter sun moves in a boundless sphere ;  
 Of Heaven the joy, the glory, and the light ;  
 Shines among angels, and admits no night.

That whatsoever defilements it may have contracted in the midst of this miserable and naughty world, through the lusts of the flesh, or the wiles of Satan, being purged and done away, it may be presented pure and without spot before Thee.

## COLOSSIANS I. 27.

E. M.

\*  
JESUS, I would be Thine alone,  
My heart Thy sovereign sway to own,  
Each long-loved idol would dethrone,  
To live by faith on Thee.

The spirit of the world is here,  
The watchful enemy is near,  
And human love and human fear  
Would tempt me far from Thee.

My soul, too oft by cares opprest,  
Would scarce retain her heavenly guest,  
Yet, Saviour! *that* Thou hast possest,  
Bind, closer bind, to Thee.

Have I not heard Thy gracious voice—  
Learned in Thy promise to rejoice?  
Then be it mine, that blessed choice,  
Through life to follow Thee!

Yet, O the moment of delight,  
When these low scenes of earth and night  
No longer intercept my sight,  
Or tempt my feet from Thee.



When, rising in divine array,  
No more a prisoner of clay,  
My soul her judge, without dismay,  
Shall meet, and reign with Thee.

And teach us who survive, in this and other like daily  
spectacles of mortality, to see how frail and uncertain our own  
condition is ;

*Elegiac Poems.*

What pang is permanent with man ? From the highest,  
As from the meanest things of every day,  
He learns to wean himself : for the strong hours  
Conquer him.

WHO that a watcher doth remain  
Beside a couch of mortal pain,  
Deems he can ever smile again ?

Or who that weeps beside a bier,  
Counts he has any more to fear  
From the world's flatteries, false and leer ?

And yet anon, and he doth start  
At the light toys in which his heart  
Can now already claim its part.

O hearts of ours, so weak and poor,  
That nothing there can long endure !  
And so their hurts find shameful cure ;

While every sadder, wiser thought,  
Each holier aim which sorrow brought,  
Fades quite away and comes to nought.

O Thou, who dost our weakness know,  
Watch for us, that the strong hours so  
Not wean us from our wholesome woe.

Grant Thou, that we may long retain  
The wholesome memories of pain,  
Nor wish to lose them soon again.

Teach us . . . to see how frail and uncertain our own  
condition is ;

A PASSAGE FROM ST. AUGUSTIN.

*R. C. Trench.*

WERT thou a wanderer on a foreign strand,  
Who yet could'st only in thy native land  
Find peace, or joy, or any blessed thing—  
And thy long woes unto an end to bring,  
Should'st there at length determine to return,  
Since in all other places doomed to mourn—  
But, having need of carriages for this,  
To bring thee to thy country and true bliss,  
What if the pleasant motion which they made,  
With the fair prospects on each side displayed,  
Should so attract thee, thou at last wert fain  
The things for use lent only, to retain ;

So taken with their passing, slight delight,  
That from thy country alienated quite,  
And its true joys whereto thou first didst tend,  
And loathing to approach thy journey's end,  
Thou should'st be now a pilgrim with the fear  
Lest thy long pilgrimage's close was near—  
If it were this way with thee, we might say,  
Thou didst man's life unto the life pourtray.

*Teach us who survive, in this and other like daily spectacles of mortality, to see how frail and uncertain our own condition is ;*

## AUTUMNAL HYMN.

*H. F. Lyte.*

THE leaves around me falling  
Are preaching of decay ;  
The hollow winds are calling,  
“ Come, pilgrim, come away ! ”  
The day, in night declining,  
Says, I must too decline :  
The year its life resigning—  
Its lot foreshadows mine.  
The light my path surrounding,  
The loves to which I cling,  
The hopes within me bounding,  
The joys that round me wing—  
All melt, like stars of even  
Before the morning's ray,  
Pass upward into Heaven,  
And chide at my delay.

The friends gone there before me  
Are calling from on high,  
And joyous angels o'er me  
Tempt sweetly to the sky.  
"Why wait," they say, "and wither,  
'Mid scenes of death and sin?  
O rise to glory hither,  
And find true life begin."

I hear the invitation,  
And fain would rise and come,—  
A sinner to salvation;  
An exile to his home:  
But while I here must linger,  
Thus, thus, let all I see  
Point on, with faithful finger,  
To Heaven, O Lord, and Thee.

*Teach us who survive, in this and other like daily spectacles  
of mortality, to see how frail and uncertain our own condition  
is;*

#### THE CHECK.

(PART.)

*Henry Vaughan.*

AS he, that in the midst of days expects  
The hideous night,  
Sleeps not, but shaking off sloth and neglects,  
Works with the sun, and sets  
Paying the day its debts;

That for repose and darkness bound, He might  
Rest from the fears of the night :  
So should we too. All things teach us to die,  
And point us out the way ;  
While we passe by,  
And mind it not ; Play not away  
Thy glimpse of light.

View thy forerunners, Creatures given to be  
Thy youth's companions  
Take their leave, and die ; birds, beasts, each tree,  
All that have growth or breath  
Have one large language—DEATH !  
O then play not ! but strive to Him who can  
Make these sad shades pure sun,  
Turning their mists to beams, their damps to day ;  
Whose power doth so excell  
As to make clay  
A Spirit, and true glory dwell  
In dust and stones.

Hark, how He doth invite thee ! with what voice  
Of love and sorrow  
He begs and calls ! O that in these thy days  
Thou knew'st but thy own good !  
Shall not the cries of blood,  
Of God's own blood, awake thee ? He bids beware  
Of drunk'ness, surfeits, care ;  
But thou sleepest on ; where's now thy Protestation,

Thy Lines, thy Love? Away!  
Redeem the day;  
The day that gives no observation  
Perhaps to-morrow.

And teach us who survive . . . to see how frail and uncertain  
our own condition is ;

*G. Wither.*

THE voice which I did more esteem  
Than music in her sweetest key;  
Those eyes which unto me did seem  
More comfortable than the day;  
Those now by me, as they have been,  
Shall never more be heard or seen,  
But what I once enjoyed in them  
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

All earthly comforts vanish thus ;  
So little hold of them have we,  
That we from them, or they from us,  
May in a moment ravished be.  
Yet we are neither just nor wise  
If present mercies we despise ;  
Or mind not how there may be made  
A thankful use of what we had.

And teach us who survive . . . to see how frail and uncertain  
our own condition is ;

(PART.)

*Moultrie.*

**B**UT be this  
Even as it may ;—from all that hath been  
lost,

And all that yet remains, our hearts may learn  
Some profitable lessons. Upon earth  
Decay and renovation, in close track,  
Follow each other ; friendships wax and wane ;  
Old joys give place to new ones ; and while thus  
Provision is still made for life's support  
And bountiful refreshment,—while the heart  
Is cheered and strengthened for its daily task  
Of duty, by accessions many and rich  
Of ever-freshening solace,—still we learn  
That all is here unstable ; that, till death,  
We must not hope to lay our weary heads  
On the soft lap of permanent repose ;  
Nor find secure and never-failing rest  
For our foot's sole. Such comfort as Heaven gives  
Let us enjoy with thankfulness ; but still—  
Remembering that our home is not on earth,  
Nor earthy the affections and the joys  
Which must make glad that home,—with stedfast  
aim

Pursue our heavenward path, from time to time  
Refreshed, in this world's wilderness, by springs  
Of worldly joyance, but still looking on,

Beyond created things, to that full bliss  
Which the regenerate and triumphant soul,  
After its weary conflicts, by God's power,  
Through faith unto salvation safely kept,  
Shall, in His presence, endlessly enjoy.

*Teach us who survive, in this and other like daily spectacles  
of mortality, to see how frail and uncertain our own condition  
is ;*

#### PASSING THROUGH THE NEW FOREST.

AUTUMN SUNSET.

*Church Poetry.*

WHAT do they say—those forest trees ?  
Their leaves are shed ;  
Thousands and thousands by the breeze  
Lie scattered—dead ;  
And yet there is a sunny hue,  
A rich bright glow,  
Their summer freshness never knew,  
That now they show.

And the bright sun—he soon will sink,  
His glories set,  
But see, while hovering on the brink,  
He's glowing yet ;  
And never in his noontide hour  
In summer skies,  
Beams forth such radiant, glorious power,  
As when he dies.



They tell me—those proud trees of earth—  
That sun of Heaven—  
*This is not death* ; another birth  
Will yet be given.  
'Tis therefore they exulting glow,  
Exulting shine ;  
They tell me as I gaze, to know  
Such fate is mine.

But O ! how nobler, higher far,  
Our hope in dying,  
To rise where light and glory are,  
And death defying.  
Then never, never look upon  
That earth and sky,  
To sigh o'er dreams—of pleasures gone,  
Or hopes that die ;  
But think of the eternal morrow,  
That breaks upon the night of sorrow.

Apply our hearts to that holy and heavenly wisdom, whilst  
we live here, which may in the end bring us to life everlasting.

TO GOD.

IN HIS SICKNESS.

*Herrick.*

WHAT though my harp and viol be  
Both hung upon the willow-tree?  
What though my bed be now my grave,  
And for my house I darkness have?

What though my healthful days are fled,  
And I lie numbered with the dead?  
Yet I have hope, by Thy great power,  
To spring—though now a withered flower.

~~That we may seriously apply our hearts to that holy and  
heavenly wisdom, whilst we live here, which may in the end  
bring us to life everlasting.~~

"MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND."

A. L. W.

FATHER, I know that all my life  
Is portioned out for me,  
And the changes that will surely come,  
I do not fear to see ;  
But I ask Thee for a present mind  
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,  
Through constant watching, wise  
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
And to wipe the weeping eyes ;  
And a heart at leisure from itself  
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will  
That hurries to and fro,  
Seeking for some great thing to do,  
Or secret thing to know ;

I would be treated as a child,  
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,  
In whatsoe'er estate,  
I have a fellowship with hearts,  
To keep and cultivate;  
And a work of lowly love to do  
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength  
To none that ask denied,  
And a mind to blend with outward life,  
While keeping at Thy side;  
Content to fill a little space,  
If *Thou* be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask  
In my cup of blessing be,  
I would have my spirit filled the more  
With grateful love to Thee;  
And careful—less to serve Thee *much*,  
Than to please Thee *perfectly*.

There are briars besetting every path,  
Which call for patient care;  
There is a cross in every lot,  
And a need for earnest prayer;  
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee  
Is happy any where.

In a service which Thy love appoints  
There are no bonds for me;  
For my secret heart is taught "the truth"  
That makes Thy children "free;"  
And a life of self-renouncing love  
Is a life of liberty!

That we may seriously apply our hearts to that holy and heavenly wisdom, whilst we live here, which may in the end bring us to life everlasting.

ST. LUKE XII. 8.

"WHOSOEVER SHALL CONFESS ME—"

*"Liturgia Domestica."*✠

O JESUS, Lord,—the Way, the Truth,  
The Life, the Crown of all  
Who here on earth confess Thy Name;  
O hear us when we call.

We bring to mind, with grateful joy,  
Thy servants, who of old  
Withstood the snares of earth and hell,  
And now Thy face behold.

Who sought on earth the joys of prayer,  
And that communion knew,  
Which saints and angels share above  
With those who seek it too.

Vouchsafe us, Lord, we pray Thee now,  
To us it may be given,  
Like them to live and die in Thee,  
And with them rise to Heaven.

*That we may seriously apply our hearts to that holy and heavenly wisdom, whilst we live here, which may in the end bring us to life everlasting,*

*Henry Vaughan.*

THEY are all gone into a world of light !  
And I alone sit lingering here !  
Their very memory is fair and bright,  
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast  
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,  
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,  
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,  
Whose light doth trample on my days ;  
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,  
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope ! and high humility !  
High as the heavens above !  
These are your walks, and you have show'd them me  
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death ; the jewel of the just !  
Shining no where but in the dark ;  
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,  
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's-nest may  
know.  
At first sight if the bird be flown ;  
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,  
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams  
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,  
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted  
themes,  
And into glory peep.

If a star were confin'd into a tomb,  
Her captive flames must needs burn there ;  
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,  
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O, Father of eternal life, and all  
Created glories under Thee !  
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall  
Into true liberty !

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill  
My perspective still as they pass ;  
Or else remove me hence unto that Hill,  
Where I shall need no glass.

A PRAYER FOR PERSONS TROUBLED IN MIND  
OR CONSCIENCE.

⊙ Blessed Lord, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comforts ; We beseech Thee, look down in pity and compassion upon this Thy afflicted servant. Thou writest bitter things against him, and makest him to possess his former iniquities ; Thy wrath lieth hard upon him, and his soul is full of trouble : But, ⊙ merciful God, who hast written Thy holy Word for our learning, that we, through patience and comfort of Thy holy Scriptures, might have hope ; give him a right understanding of himself, and of Thy threats and promises, that he may neither cast away his confidence in Thee, nor place it any where but in Thee. Give him strength against all his temptations, and heal all his distempers. Break not the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax. Shut not up Thy tender mercies in displeasure ; but make him to hear of joy and gladness, that the bones which Thou hast broken may rejoice. Deliver him from fear of the enemy, and lift up the light of Thy countenance upon him, and give him peace, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

We beseech Thee, look down in pity and compassion upon  
this Thy afflicted servant.

## PSALM LXXXVIII.

*J. C. Hare.*

L ORD God, my Saviour, day and night  
I make my cry to Thee :  
O let my prayer before Thee rise,  
Incline Thine ear to me.

My soul is bowed with grievous woes ;  
My life draws nigh the grave :  
Like those who fall into the pit,  
No health or strength I have.

Cast me not out, O God, with those  
Who in their trespass die,  
Who from Thy mercy are cut off,  
By Thee forgotten lie.

Thus will I daily cry to Thee,  
And humbly seek Thy grace.  
O do not quite forsake me, Lord,  
Nor from me hide Thy face.



~~This~~ soul is full of trouble ;

## PSALM XLII.

*H. F. Lyte.*

ONE amidst the dead and dying,  
Lord, my spirit faints for Thee;  
Longing, thirsting, drooping, sighing,  
When shall I Thy presence see?

O how altered my condition ;  
Late I led the joyous throng ;  
Beat my heart with full fruition,  
Flowed my lips with grateful song.

Now the storm goes wildly o'er me,  
Waves on waves my soul confound :  
Nought but boding fears before me,  
Nought but threatening foes around.

Save me, save me, O my Father !  
To thy faithful word I cling :  
Thence, my soul, thy comfort gather ;  
Hope, and thou again shalt sing.

Give him a right understanding of himself,

*R. C. Trench.*

FOR thou hast known, if I may read aright  
The pages of thy past existence—thou  
Hast known the dreary sickness of the soul,  
That falls upon us in our lonely youth ;

The fear of all bright visions leaving us,  
The sense of emptiness, without the sense  
Of an abiding fulness any where ;  
When all the generations of mankind,  
With all their purposes, their hopes and fears,  
Seem nothing truer than those wandering shapes  
Cast by a trick of light upon a wall,  
And nothing different from these, except  
In their capacity for suffering ;  
What time we have the sense of sin, and none  
Of expiation. Our own life seemed then  
But as an arrow flying in the dark  
Without an aim, a most unwelcome gift,  
Which we might not put by. But now, what God  
Intended as a blessing and a boon  
We have received as such, and we can say—  
A solemn yet a joyful thing is life,  
Which being full of duties, is for this  
Of gladness full, and full of lofty hopes.  
And He has taught us what reply to make,  
Or secretly in spirit, or in words,  
If there be need, when sorrowing men complain  
The fair illusions of their youth depart,  
All things are going from them, and to-day  
Is emptier of delights than yesterday,  
Even as to-morrow will be barer yet ;  
We have been taught to feel this need not be,  
This is not life's inevitable law,—  
But that the gladness we are called to know  
Is an increasing gladness, that the soil  
Of human heart, tilled rightly, will become

Richer and deeper, fitter to bear fruit  
 Of an immortal growth, from day to day,  
 Fruit of love, life, and indeficient joy.

. . . . .

Give him a right understanding of himself, and of Thy  
 threats and promises ;

(PART.)

*Joseph Beaumont.*

TURN thine eye  
 Inward, and observe thy breast ;  
 There alone dwells solid rest :  
 That's a close immured tower  
 Which can mock all hostile power—  
 To thyself a tenant be,  
 And inhabit safe and free.  
 Say not that this house is small,  
 Girt up in a narrow wall :  
 In a cleanly sober mind  
 Heaven itself full room doth find ;  
 The infinite Creator can  
 Dwell in it—why may not man ?  
 Here, Content, make thine abode  
 With thyself, and with thy God.

Give him a right understanding of himself, and of Thy  
threats and promises ;

*Sir J. Davies.*

IF aught can teach us aught, affliction's looks  
Make us to looke into ourselves so neare,  
Teach us to know ourselves beyond all bookes,  
Or all the learned schooles that ever were.

That he may neither cast away his confidence in Thee,  
nor place it any where but in Thee,

(PART.)

*G. Gascoigne.*

THE mistie cloudes that fall sometime  
And overcast the skies,  
Are like to troubles of our time,  
Which do but dimme our eies.

But as such dewes are dried up quite,  
When Phebus shewes his face ;  
So are sad fancies put to flight  
When God doth guide by grace.

Give him a right understanding of himself, and of the threats and promises; that he may neither cast away his confidence in Thee, nor place it any where but in Thee.

*Francis Quarles.*

**O** WHITHER shall I fly? what path untrod  
Shall I seek out to 'scape the flaming rod  
Of my offended, of my angry God?

Where shall I sojourn? what kind sea will hide  
My head from thunder? Where shall I abide  
Until His flames be quenched or laid aside?

What if my feet should take their hasty flight,  
And seek protection in the shades of night?  
Alas! no shades can blind the God of light.

What if my soul should take the wings of day  
And find some desert? If she springs away,  
The wings of vengeance clip as fast as they.

What if some solid rock should entertain  
Thy frightened soul? can solid rocks restrain  
The stroke of justice, and not cleave in twain?

Nor sea, nor shade, nor rock, nor cave,  
Nor silent deserts, nor the sullen grave,  
What flame-eyed fury means to smite, can save.

The seas will part, graves open, rocks will split;  
The shield will cleave, the frightened shadows flit;  
Where justice aims, her fiery dart must hit.

No, no, if stern-browed Vengeance means to thunder,  
There is no place above, beneath, or under,  
So close but will unlock, or rive in sunder.

'Tis vain to flee ; 'tis neither here nor there  
Can 'scape that hand, until that hand forbear ;  
Ah me ! where is He not, that's every where ?

'Tis vain to flee, till gentle Mercy show  
Her better eye ; the further off we go  
The swing of Justice deals the mightier blow.

The ingenuous child corrected, doth not fly  
His angry mother's hand ; but climbs more nigh,  
And quenches with his tears her flaming eye.

Shadows are faithless, and the rocks are false ;  
No trust in brass, no trust in marble walls ;  
Poor cots are even as safe as princes' halls.

Great God ! there is no safety here below ;  
Thou art my fortress, Thou that seem'st my foe,  
'Tis Thou, that strik'st the stroke, must guard the  
blow.

Thou art my God, by Thee I fall or stand ;  
Thy grace hath given me courage to withstand  
All tortures, but my conscience, and Thy hand.

I know Thy justice is Thyself ; I know,  
Just God, Thy very self is mercy too :  
If not to Thee, where, whither shall I go ?

Then work Thy will : if passion bid me flee,  
My reason shall obey ; my wings shall be  
Stretched out no further than from Thee to Thee.

Give him strength against all his temptations, and heal all  
his distempers.

*Sir J. Harrington.*

GOD hath made a salve for every sore,  
If men would learn the same for to apply.

Shut not up Thy tender mercies in displeasure ; but make  
him to hear of joy and gladness,

SACRED SONNET.

*Donne.*

THOU hast made me, and shall Thy work decay?  
Repair me now, for mine end doth haste ;  
I run to death, and death meets me as fast,  
And all my pleasures are like yesterday—  
I dare not move my dimme eyes any way ;  
Despair behind, and death before, doth cast  
Such terrour, and my feeble flesh doth waste  
By sin in it, which it towards hell doth weigh ;  
Only Thou art above, and when towards Thee,  
By Thy leave I can look, I rise again ;  
But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,  
That not one hour myself I can sustain :  
Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art,  
And Thou like adamant draw my iron heart.

Shut not up Thy tender mercies in displeasure ; but make  
him to hear of joy and gladness,

## JONAH'S PRAYER.

*Lewis Way.*

**B**Y reason of affliction sore,  
Disquieted in heart I roar,  
In belly of the grave.  
The Lord hath cast my troubled soul  
Where all His waves and billows roll;  
O Lord, Thy servant save !

Compass'd about with waters wide,  
The weeds, the sport of ev'ry tide,  
Are wrapt around my head :  
Down in the mountains of the sea,  
My fainting soul remembers Thee,  
O raise me from the dead !

I look towards that holy place,  
Where sinners find a throne of grace,  
And there I fix mine eyes.  
My vows unto the Lord I'll pay,  
And there, upon His altar, lay  
My willing sacrifice.



Shut not up Thy tender mercies in displeasure ; but make him to hear of joy and gladness, that the bones which Thou hast broken may rejoice.

## HYMN.

\*

O THOU, in still seclusion near,  
My joy, my grief, my hope, my fear;  
Father and Saviour ! let me be  
For one bright moment near to Thee.

Break, fetters, break—and let my soul  
For once escape your base control,  
And the pure liberty of Heaven  
Enjoy, and feel myself forgiven.

Dark hours, and days less bright may come,  
Again this wayward heart may roam ;  
But thus to catch one living ray,  
Would thousand waiting hours repay.

Yet rather grant—where'er I rove,  
Whatever joys my spirit move,  
Still that my life be hid with Thee—  
Centre of light and life to me !

Deliver him from fear of the enemy, and lift up the light of  
Thy countenance upon him, and give him peace,

## PSALM CXLIII.

*Sandys.*

**L**ORD, to my cries afford an eare,  
The afflicted heare ;  
According to Thy equity  
And truth reply ;  
Nor prove severe, for in Thy sight  
None living shall be found upright.

The foe my soule besiegeth round,  
Strikes to the ground,  
In darkness hath envelopèd,  
Like men long dead ;  
My mind with sorrow overthrowne,  
My heart within me stupid growne.

I call to mind those ancient daies  
Filled with Thy praise ;  
Thy works alone possess my thought,  
With wonder wrought ;  
To Thee I stretch my zealous hand,  
Desired like raine for thirsty land.

Approach with speed ; my spirits faile,  
Thy face unveile ;

Lest I forthwith grow like those  
Whom graves inclose ;  
O let me of Thy mercy heare  
Before the morning sun appeare.

My God, Thou art the only scope  
Of all my hope ;  
O show me thy prescribed way,  
Lest I should stray ;  
For to Thy throne I raise mine eyes,  
My soule and all my faculties.

Save from my foes ; to Thee, lo ! I  
For refuge fly ;  
Informe me, that I may fulfil  
Thy sacred will :  
My God, let Thy good Spirit lead,  
That in Thy paths my feet may tread.

O for Thy honour quicken me,  
Who trust in Thee ;  
Out of these straits for justice sake  
Thy servant take ;  
In mercy cut Thou off my foes,  
Whose hate hath multiplied my woes.

Deliber him from fear of the enemy, and lift up the light of  
Thy countenance upon him, and give him peace,

## PSALM CXLII.

*Sandys.*

WITH sighes and cries to God I prayed,  
To Him my supplication made,  
Poured out my teares,  
My cares and feares ;  
My wrongs before Him laide.

My fainting spirits almost spent,  
He knew the path in which I went ;  
Yet in my way  
Their snares they lay,  
With mercilesse intent.

My eyes I round me throw,  
None see, that will the oppressed know ;  
No refuge left,  
Of hope bereft,  
Vaine pity none bestow.

Then unto God I cried and said,  
Thou art my hope and only aid,  
The portion  
I build upon  
While with fraile flesh arrayed.

O Source of mercy, heare my cry,  
Lest I with wasting sorrow die :  
    Shield from my foes,  
    Who now enclose ;  
Since of more strength than I.

My soule out of this prison bring,  
That I may praise Thee, O my King.  
    Who trust in Thee  
    Shall compass me,  
And of Thy bountie sing.

Lift up the light of Thy countenance upon him, and give him  
peace, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ our  
Lord. Amen.

(PART.)

*Henry Vaughan.*

O WHEN my God, my glory, brings  
    His white and holy train  
Unto those clear and living springs  
    Where comes no stain !

Where all is light, and flowers, and fruit,  
    And joy, and rest,  
Make me amongst them, 'tis my suit,  
    The last one and the least !

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